The Outlook

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A Judge Retires Under Fire

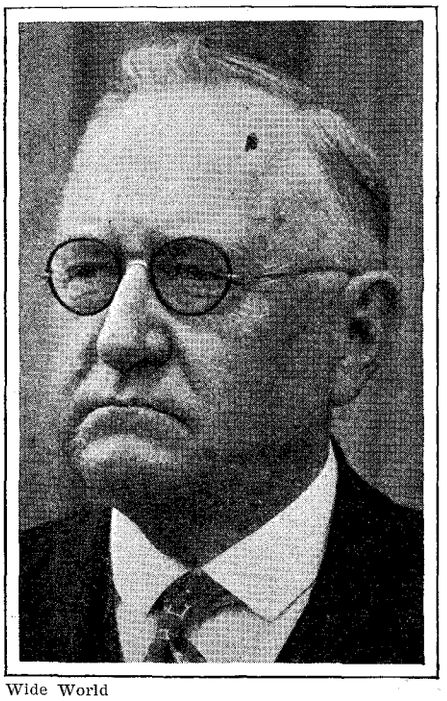
IMPEACHED by the House of Representatives and facing trial by the Senate, Judge George W. English, of Illinois, has resigned from the bench.

In accepting Judge English's resignation the President has acted in accordance with the views of the House managers in the case. The object of the impeachment, the sole object possible in such a case as this, was to remove from office one who had been deemed unfit to perform its duties. As Judge English himself declared in his letter of resignation that he had felt his "usefulness" as a judge had been "impaired," the ground for accepting the resignation was ample and the object of the impeachment was attained. When William W. Belknap, Secretary of War in 1876, resigned after he had been impeached but before the trial had begun, the Senate voted to proceed to the trial, but failed to secure the necessary vote to convict the Secretary. In other cases, as told in the article by Eugene Thackrey in The Outlook last week, four impeached judges have averted trial by resigning from office. Whether Judge English's trial will continue in spite of the resignation remains to be decided; but the House managers have requested the Senate not to proceed with the impeaching trial on November 10, as planned, but to continue the matter until the regular session, which convenes on the first Monday in December, in order that the House of Representatives may have the opportunity of instructing the House managers as to its wishes.

Two weeks before he resigned Judge English, it is reported, emphatically denied he had any intention of resigning. Under the circumstances, his resignation seems like an acknowledgment that the House of Representatives was right in asking for his removal.

Tax Rebates

To the ordinary taxpayer Uncle Sam seems usually a rather stingy relative. He never seems to resolve any doubt in the taxpayer's favor. He insists on being paid on time, but is very slow in correcting his own errors, and is reluctant to let go any money he has once received. President Coolidge's proposal, therefore, to use the surplus in the Treasury in paying back to the taxpayer such proportion of the taxes as are not actually needed for the Government has



Wide World

George W. English

rather taken the taxpayer's breath away. For most taxpayers the refund would be very small. A taxpayer with an income of $3,000 would, it is estimated, get a quarter—that is, not a quarter of his income or a quarter of his tax, but a quarter of a dollar, twenty-five cents. It is not the sum that he hopes to receive that takes his breath away, but the generosity of the Government.

The Democrats, speaking with the voice of Senator Simmons, the ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee, attack the President for his humiliating surrender to the Democratic demand for tax reduction, and then say that this rebate will never do, but that the taxes should be reduced.

Secretary Mellon, as head of the Treasury Department, approves of the refund in principle, but says that it should be carried out by means of a credit to be applied to future tax payments. Perhaps there is a difference between such a refund and tax reduction, but precisely what the difference is the ordinary taxpayer would be at a loss to say.

At any rate, the President's proposal has stirred up the politicians and given them something to talk about. For that they should be grateful. For the prospect of getting even a quarter of a dollar out of the Government the taxpayer should be grateful. And for the fact that there is more money in the Treasury than was expected the whole country should be grateful. Certainly there is no cause for depression when the only thing that politicians have to fight about is the proper use to be made of the country's prosperity.

Plant-Grown Rubber

MEN and women wear rubber overshoes to keep out the wet. By unique appositeness the guayule plant, indigenous in northern Mexico, lines the space between its stalk and bark with rubber to keep itself from suffering during periods of drought, such as prevail in its native region. Much rubber is now being extracted from the guayule in Mexico. It grows in the Big Bend section of Texas, and the discovery has now been made, it is announced, that it will thrive in the Salinas Valley of California. Experiments are now under way by the interests engaged in extracting rubber from the shrub in Mexico for extensive planting. That it requires a dry region for its development makes it a valuable accessory to the use of the desert lands in the Southwest, while the success attending its cultivation will afford further relief to American users of rubber from the British monopoly. Seventy per cent of the 850,000,000 pounds of crude rubber now produced is used in the United States. Salinas lies near San Francisco, which is stretching out a friendly hand to the new enterprise.

Squeezing Our Rubber Supply

EVERY one who drives a car or wears a raincoat or uses an eraser or a hose or any other of the hundred and one common articles for which rubber is

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needed is concerned in a recent British decision to cut down the output of crude rubber. It means higher prices for everything made of rubber.

The move has been made under the terms of the so-called Stevenson Restriction Plan, which the British Colonial Secretary put into effect in 1922. The purpose of the plan, devised at a time when the market price of rubber had fallen very low, was to restrict production in order to keep prices at a level favorable to the planters in the East Indian colonies. In general, it provided that if the price of rubber rose above one shilling and threepence (about 30 cents) a pound production should be gradually increased, and that if the price fell below this level production should be curtailed. In accordance with this scheme, the Government of Great Britain has determined that exports from her rubber-growing colonies shall be reduced twenty per cent for the coming year.

Americans will recall the many protests of Secretary Hoover and his experts of the Department of Commerce against this policy as applied, not only to rubber, but to other raw materials which the United States must import. Reprisals by the exercise of a similar control of essential materials which the United States produces have been suggested. But it is probable that a far better remedy is the development of other American sources of supply of the things we must have. Investigations by the Department of Commerce and by private corporations have shown the possibility of cultivating rubber in the Philippines and in Liberia. Lately, as recorded in The Outlook, rubber trees have been found thriving in Florida, and the practicability of establishing a rubber industry there is being considered. And, as we have indicated above, there is the prospect of increasing the supply of crude rubber from the guayule plant in northern Mexico and our own Southwest.

The British restriction plan is likely to provide its own incentive to correction. The best way—and the traditional American way—is to devise a method of getting what we want from our own resources.

How to Deal with Bogies

"The gobble-uns 'll git you—if you don't watch out," was the warning of Little Orphant Annie, in Riley's famous poem. Somebody must have read it often to Secretary Kellogg in his little-boyhood. He seems to have taken it to heart and must repeat it to himself in the Department of State.

The latest evidence of its teaching is the decision to debar Mme. Alexandra Kollontai, the picturesque woman diplomat of Soviet Russia, who has been appointed Minister to Mexico, from entry into the United States because "she has been actively associated with the International Communist subversive movement."

Mme. Kollontai, now in Berlin, where the American Consul-General declined to visa her passport, will have to choose a direct route to Mexico or enter that country by way of Guatemala.

Technically correct, in view of American unwillingness to establish diplomatic relations with the Bolshevik Government, this refusal of a visa to allow Mme. Kollontai to pass through our territory on her way to Mexico City seems, to say the least, excessively cautious. American institutions, we believe, are sufficiently strong and sound to stand the strain of allowing her to land at New York and go south—perhaps, it might be, in a carefully sealed car—to cross the Rio Grande. Not only a somewhat exaggerated concern for the safety of the Constitution is involved, but also a discourtesy to a friendly nation to whom she is accredited as a diplomatic envoy.

The Chinese used to have the custom of erecting wooden screens in front of the gateways to their towns and painting eyes on them to ward off evil spirits. The Administration ought to set up something of the sort off the Port of New York to shield the Statue of Liberty.

Is Congress Improving?

Writing in the "Nation's Business," Speaker Longworth says that "the quality of membership of the lower branch of Congress averages as high as that of any legislative body at any time in any country of the world." He argues that, since the character of citizenship in the United States has improved, it is impossible that the character of Representatives in Congress has deteriorated. In other words, better men would not elect poorer Representatives.

We suppose that the accuracy of Mr. Longworth's premise must be admitted, though improvement in the quality of men is an almost discouragingly slow process. Still, the citizens who voted for the Representatives who elected Longworth as Speaker are probably somewhat better citizens than those who voted for the Representatives who elected Muhlenberg as Speaker. But Mr. Longworth's conclusion is not necessarily as accurate as his premise. It is not necessarily true that better citizens will elect better Representatives.

The electors must choose from among those who offer themselves for election to Congress. Time was when there were, everything considered, few better positions in the United States than the position of a Representative in Congress, few positions that men coveted more. There may still be few positions that are in all respects better, but there are many positions now that many men had much rather occupy. Members of Congress are not now, by virtue of their position, the outstanding men that members of Congress once were. It may be true, therefore, that better citizens cannot elect better Representatives because better men do not offer themselves for those positions.

We are not undertaking to refute Speaker Longworth's statement that the character of the lower house is as high as it ever was. We might have been willing to accept his statement, unsupported. We are not willing to accept the reasoning by which he supports it.

New York's Record for Violent Deaths

Dr. Charles Norris, Chief Medical Examiner for New York, reports that in the past year there were 5,581 deaths from violence in the great city. The analysis shows that the largest single toll of human life, 1,272, was due to motor mishaps. Hard drinking, not credited to accidents, killed 585 persons, or less than half the number due to autos. Score one, therefore, for prohibition! There were 356 homicides, of which 248 were due to gun-play. The weary of life numbered 994.

Virginia's Great Highway

Virginia is preparing to celebrate at Christiansburg, on November 17, the completion of the first highway to cross Virginia from end to end. It starts at the Virginia-West Virginia line, near Martinsburg, and makes its way to Christiansburg, in Montgomery County, where the occasion will also celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary

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Why, here's a change, indeed

(Measure for Measure, Act I, Scene 2)

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

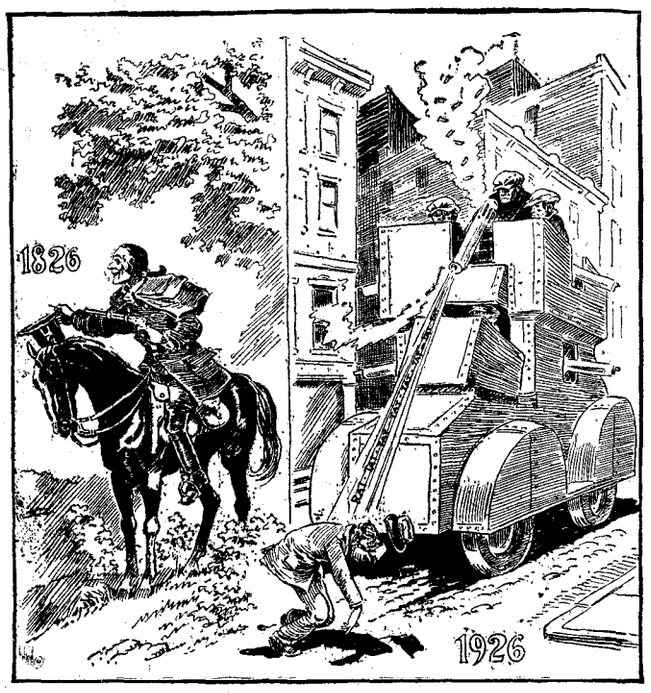

Chart showing growth of well-known American industry

From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Wearing too much

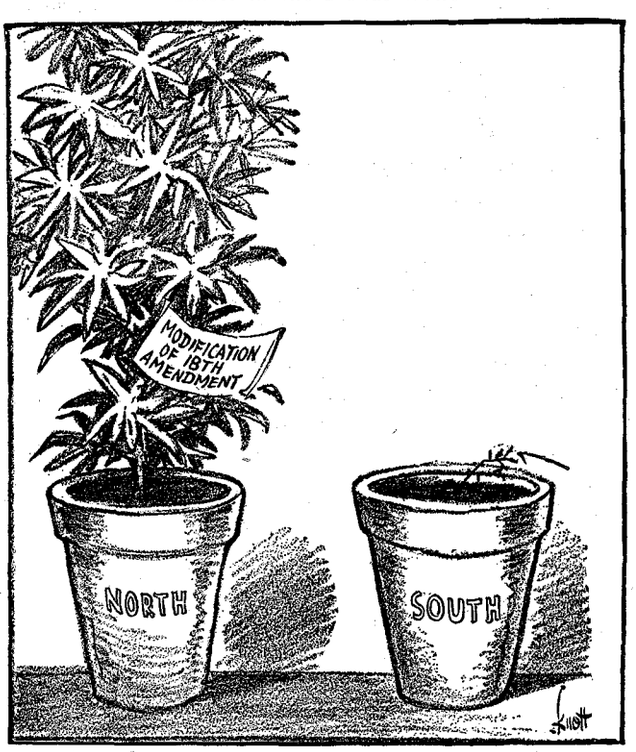
From Mrs. A. W. Rogers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Thiele in the Davenport (Iowa) Times

At the cross-roads

From T. C. Mathiessen, Chicago, Ill.

Knott in the Dallas News



Same seed, different soil

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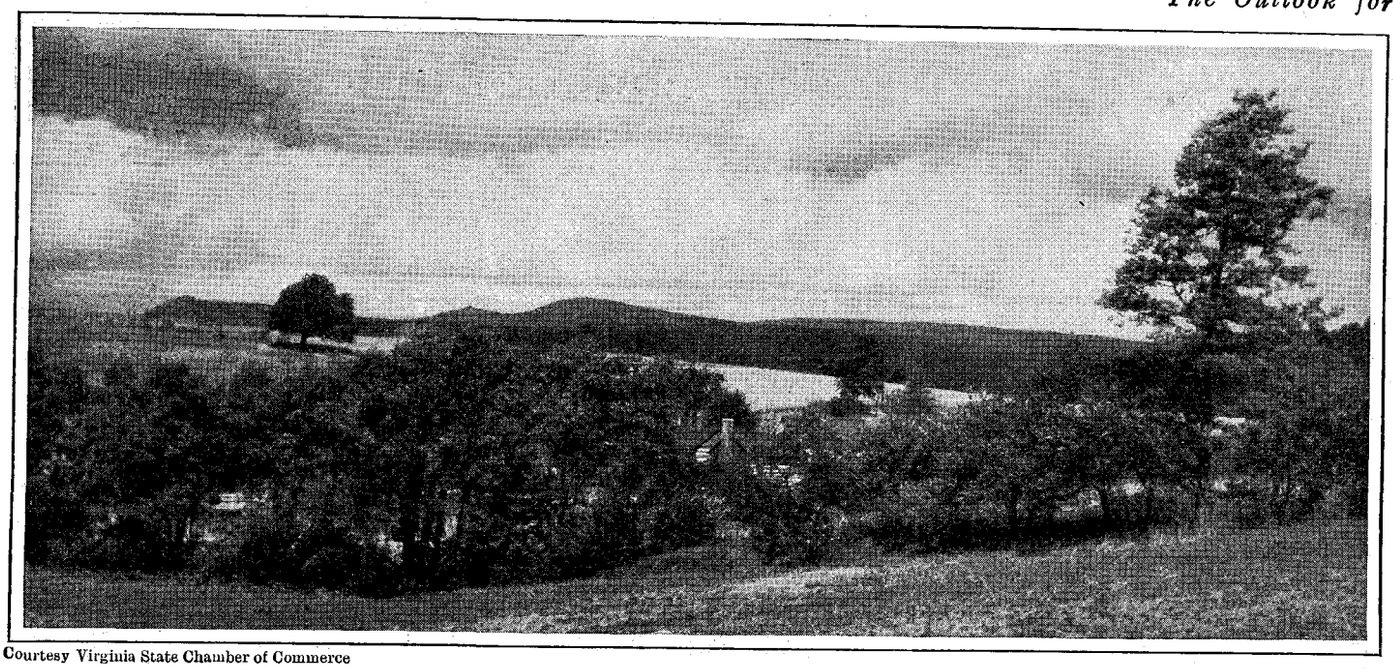

Courtesy Virginia State Chamber of Commerce

A View of Historic Montgomery County, Virginia

of the founding of the county. The road really marks what Colonel Theodore Roosevelt once described as the frontier that prevailed previous to the Revolution, when near-by Kentucky was a dark and bloody ground into which men ventured at the risk of their lives.

The new highway, hard-metaled throughout, will be a great aid in opening up one of the least-known parts of Virginia to the tourist, touching also the familiar Shenandoah country. It borders the Appalachians, and scenically will reveal many beauties now unfamiliar.

The Burning of Santa Clara Mission

THE records of the past decade would seem to show that modern lighting in many instances has not agreed with old buildings. During the past year or so dozens of historic houses in England which had lately installed electric wiring have been destroyed by fire. In this country the chances are fewer, but the proportion no less.

The latest victim, according to a despatch from our Pacific coast correspondent, is the historic Mission of Santa Clara in California, one of the few relics of the old Spanish Empire in the West, of the days of the Padres and the search for the city of gold. The crossing of electric wires in the sacristy is supposed to have been responsible for the outbreak, and as the great silver and bronze bell, the last of three given to Mission Santa Clara by the King of Spain in 1777 on the condition that they be rung each night in memory of the dead, clanged out a fire alarm, the old mission went up in flames.

The original Mission Santa Clara was founded January 12, 1777, on a site about four miles from its present position, but, owing to floods from the Guadalupe River, the site was eventually abandoned and a new Mission Santa Clara was begun on November 19, 1781, close to what is now the town of Santa Clara itself. That mission was destroyed by earthquake in 1818, and in 1821 the present mission was built and stored with all the treasures of the old buildings, most of which have now been destroyed.

The authorities of Santa Clara University have announced that the mission will once again be rebuilt; but with the destruction of so many relics of the past an interesting landmark of California, and so of the United States, has disappeared. The modern electrician is supposed to have found methods of making the introduction of wiring into old buildings safe. Those who have charge of old buildings should make it their business to see that those methods are observed.

Principles vs. Politics in Ontario

ON December 1 the electors of Ontario will vote on the liquor question for the fourth time in seven years.

On October 18 the Legislature was dissolved and Premier G. Howard Ferguson announced that his Government (Conservative) would appeal to the electorate on a policy under which, if returned to office, the sale of bottled spirituous liquors in Government stores and beer in hotels would be legalized in those portions of the province that had not come under local option at the time of the passing of the Ontario Temperance Act in 1916. (Out of 851 municipalities in the province 574 were dry at that time.)

The Ontario Temperance Act of 1916 was a war measure. A clause provided that when normal conditions returned a referendum should be taken. Consequently, in October, 1919, four questions were submitted to the electorate asking its approval of (1) the repeal of the Ontario Temperance Act; (2) the sale of 2.5 beer through Government agencies; (3) the sale of beer in hotels; (4) the sale of all liquors by Government agencies. Out of a total vote of 1,162,476 the majority against question No. 1 was 423,508, and correspondingly large majorities were registered against the other three.

In April, 1921, a plebiscite was taken to determine whether shipments of liquor in case lots from Quebec or other wet territory direct to residences (previously legal) would be disallowed. The verdict was: Yes, 504,773; no, 373,938.

Three years later—in October, 1924—largely as a result of unceasing wet agitation, another plebiscite was taken. This time two questions were asked: (1) "Are you in favor of the continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act?" and (2) "Are you in favor of the sale as

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a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?" The former carried by a majority of 34,031 votes, the cities generally voting wet and the rural communities dry.

The difficulty of enforcing the prohibition law, the establishment of Government control in the prairie provinces, formerly dry, and the energetic propaganda of the liquor interests and others were all in greater or less degree responsible for the reduction in the huge majority of 423,508 given for the Ontario Temperance Act in 1919 to that of 34,031 just five years later.

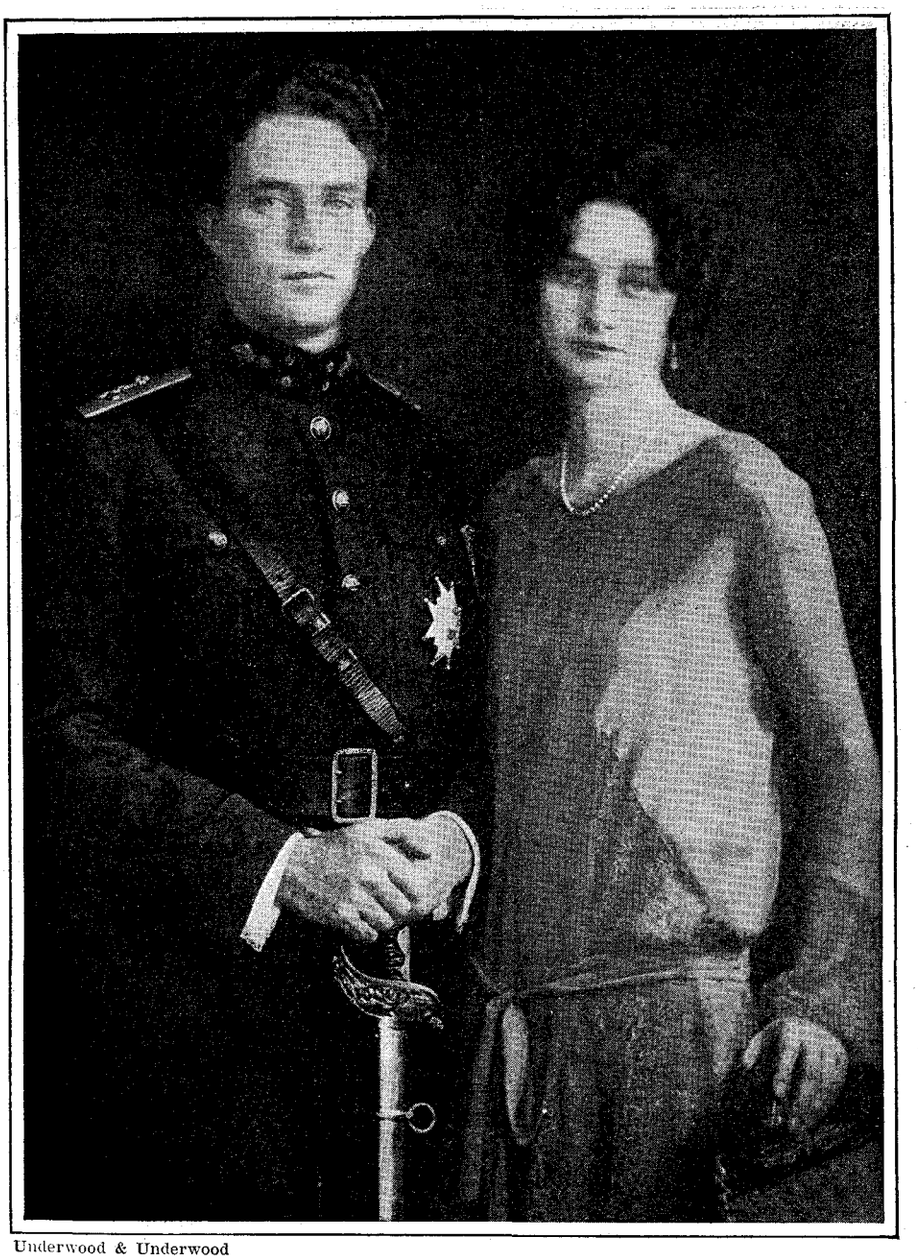
Officially, the three political parties in the province—Conservative, Liberal, and Progressive—have always been dry. The Conservative made the first concession to wet sentiment in 1925, when the Ferguson Government legalized the sale of 4.4 beer. That experiment was not a success. While disclaiming a desire to become intoxicated, the wets still continued to clamor for liquor that would intoxicate. The Government's recent action is the net result.

The forthcoming contest will be complicated by other considerations than the liquor question, although the latter will be by far the paramount issue. Electors have in previous plebiscites been asked to express their views on the liquor question alone. This time the fate of the Government itself will hang in the balance. The Ferguson Government, elected in 1923 upon the defeat of the Drury administration (Progressive), had a majority of 41 seats over the combined forces of its Progressive and Liberal opponents in a house of 111.

The verdict in the coming contest will hinge largely upon whether dry Conservatives care more for their principles than for their politics. Already there have been defections. The Hon. W. F. Nickle, Mr. Ferguson's Attorney-General, has resigned from the Cabinet; and in his letter of resignation he declared that the Ontario Temperance Act is not only enforceable, but, in his opinion, in the best interests of the people of Ontario.

A Royal Romance

WHEN princes and princesses marry, nations stop to watch, for their destinies are affected. The betrothal of Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium and Princess Astrid of Sweden has commanded the attention of Europe because of the new alliance which it represents between the royal houses of one of the leading Latin nations and of the strongest of the Scandinavian states.



Underwood & Underwood

Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium and Princess Astrid of Sweden

To Stockholm, for the civil marriage and the festivities preliminary to the departure of the Princess for Brussels, there came not only the rulers of Belgium, but also of Sweden's kindred neighbors, Denmark and Norway. The return of the Belgian Crown Prince with his bride, accompanied by her parents, was the occasion of an outburst of enthusiasm by vast throngs of the Belgian people in greeting to their future Queen. And for the state wedding in St. Gudule Cathedral there gathered representatives of thirty royal houses.

Amid all these demonstrations Princess Astrid—now Duchess of Brabant—has remained simple and unaffected in manner, and has won her way to the hearts of her new people by her readiness to respond to their welcome. She is evidently a woman of rare charm, and the new union is a happy augury of good relations between Belgium and Sweden and—through them—between the closely associated groups of Latin and Scandinavian states.

A Hundred and Fifty Years After

AN Australian has just re-read the lesson of the American Revolution to Great Britain. Apparently, according to accounts of the trend of affairs in the British Imperial Conference in London, it has been heard to good effect. Although official statements are still with-

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held, it is understood that the mother country is to take the important step of declaring that the British Dominions have attained the dignity of full nationhood.

The Australian Prime Minister, Stanley M. Bruce, has created the greatest surprise of any of the statesmen at the Conference, by declaring that the American leaders in the War of Independence prepared the way for the present British Commonwealth of Nations. Speaking as guest of honor at a luncheon given by the American Chamber of Commerce in London, he said:

"All thinking people must realize that there was something wrong in the attitude of the British Government, which did not recognize the aspirations and ideals of young peoples. But now a new British Empire has grown up, and Australians are enjoying the great heritage of freedom and autonomy to which the forefathers of the American people did much to contribute."

Then he made his English listeners gasp by asserting that if Australia had been a nation at that time she would have fought alongside the Americans.

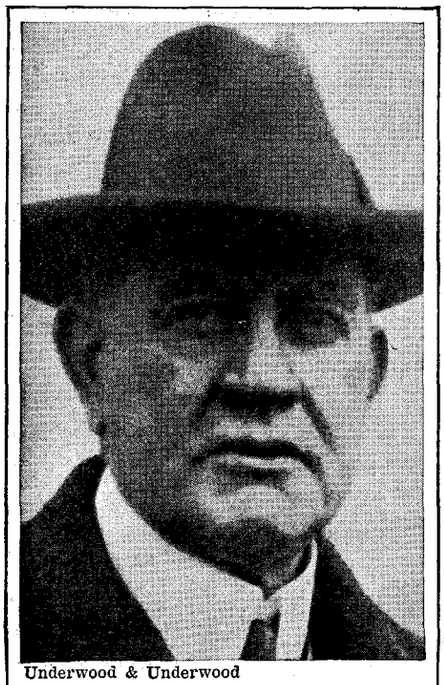
Furthermore, he said that Australia understands the American repugnance to getting involved in European affairs. Both countries, he continued, are anxious to keep free from European entanglements and carry on their own development, and at the same time to assist in increasing the prosperity and happiness of the world. He pleaded for a better understanding of America by Europe, and also for more consideration by America of the troubles through which Europe has passed and the great economic problems of reconstruction which she is still facing.

That an Australian should come to present the case of America so forcibly from within the Empire is an unprecedented and cheering development. And as these new colonial states attain their deserved dignity and influence in the affairs of the Commonwealth it is a good augury for future relations between the British nations and the United States.

A High Price for the Pursuit of Happiness

FREE speech is the greatest risk that any one can run to-day in Italy. The latest attack on the life of Mussolini has brought in its wake an extraordinary program of penalties for any opposition to the Fascist Government. And to enforce it the Dictator has added to the six ministerial posts he already held a seventh—the Ministry of Internal Affairs, making him the direct chief of the police forces.

At his demand, the Cabinet has approved a series of repressive measures of unprecedented severity: the death penalty for any one attempting the life of the King or the Premier, or any one guilty of treason, espionage, or armed rebellion; dissolution of all organizations opposed to the Fascist rule, with imprisonment for any one attempting to reconstitute them or belonging to them; imprisonment for five to fifteen years for any one spreading false or exaggerated reports of conditions in Italy; and, finally, trial by Fascist military courts for any one accused of any of these offenses. Opposition papers or periodicals are suppressed until further notice. Passports for Italians going abroad are annulled, and the frontier troops are instructed to fire on any one attempting to cross the frontier without a passport. Italian correspondents or other citizens abroad are warned against circulating accounts tending to impair the credit of the Italian state or harm the national interests, under threat of loss of citizenship and property and of imprisonment if he returns to Italy. A special office of political investigation, to be run by the Fascist militia, is to be charged with surveillance of all individuals or elements regarded as subversive.



Underwood & Underwood

James K. Hackett

James K. Hackett died in Paris on November 8 at the age of fifty-seven. Known first as the creator of romantic and melodramatic rôles, he later achieved eminence as a Shakespearean actor. He received most unprecedented acclaim in France for his Macbeth and his Othello. He was a graduate of the school system of New York City

Meanwhile, from Paris, comes news that Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi, grandson of the famous Italian patriot and ostensibly the leader of the anti-Fascist movement, has been arrested and has confessed to French Secret Service agents that he accepted large sums of money from officials of the Italian Government for arranging plots against Mussolini and then denouncing the plotters to the Italian police. Mussolini has been accusing France of failing to prevent conspiracies against Fascism within her borders, and telling his adherents that Italy would not endure the French attitude. Italian mobs have stoned and invaded French consulates, and relations between France and Italy have been seriously strained. But the Garibaldi confession appears to throw a new light on the whole situation.

What sort of game is being played in Italy, one inevitably asks, that her Government picks trouble with a neighbor on such pretexts and at the same time is forced to impose a system of suppression of all criticism at home and abroad which can be compared only with the Bolshevik terrorism? Mussolini has apologized to France for the offensive demonstrations against her by Fascisti; but the question yet remains. The material progress of Italy under Fascism is undisputed. But there are some prices too high to pay for material welfare, and one of them is the sacrifice of the civic liberties for which men have struggled through centuries.

One of the tests of the suitability of a governor, whether elected or appointed, is his ability to go among the people without wearing a steel shirt. The ironclad and inexorable scheme that Fascism has become gives cause for wonder whether every one is so happy under it as its advocates assert.

Belgium Defied

SINCE Dr. Baldwin's correspondence on "Goliath and David," printed in this issue, was written China has abrogated her treaty with Belgium. This leaves the situation precisely as Dr. Baldwin foresaw and foretold it. In this dispute Great Britain has approved Belgium's stand.

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Advice to Both Houses

To the Drys:

PROHIBITION came to America because you fought for it. It came as a result of a campaign reaching back many decades.

You have dreamed of a dry America free from the political corruption and social debauchery of the liquor trade. You have dreamed of an America where children would be safe from the menace of the saloon; a land in which the earnings of the people would be devoted to the comfort and improvement of family life; a Nation free from the shackles of poverty, crime, and insanity, which are the natural sequence of alcoholic indulgence.

You have shaped the laws of the Nation to give at least lip service to this dream. Its substance in large measure still lies hidden in the future.

If you will study the course of history, you will find that no dreams are ever entirely achieved. You will find that liberties are never won, that democracy is never attained, that no ideal is ever so secure that its opponents may be ignored and its possession ranked as a permanent asset of mankind. The war for liberty, democracy, and social ideals is a continuous war. It is a war in which many victories may be won, but a war in which there can be no final victory. Triumph perches on the banners of the leaders of this war only so long as they remain on the firing line. Defeat is the portion of those who lay down their arms to rest.

So in writing the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution of the United States your dry forces secured only a strategic point from which your fight for a dry Nation might be advantageously continued. You have lost ground because you have refused to recognize the fact that the war in which you were engaged had merely entered into a new phase. Your job is a plain one. It is to use such weapons as you possess against the main object of your attack. The citadel you set out to storm was the political power of the liquor trade. Keep this objective in mind. Do not divide your forces. See that your army is free from mercenary soldiers. See that your scouts are men chosen for their integrity of purpose as well as their skill.

Don't waste your time on petty campaigns and abortive attacks which distract the attention of the Nation and the world from your main objective. Be jealous lest in carrying on your battle you sacrifice hard-won ideals of liberty and private conscience which free men have thought worth dying for. To violate these principles in the protection of other principles is to lay your flanks open to a counter-attack of menacing proportions. Fight hard and fight fair.

To the Wets:

PROHIBITION came to America partly because most of you failed to fight against it. You failed to fight either because you believed that a prohibition law could never be placed in the Constitution of the United States, or because you were afraid or ashamed to stand up in social and political company with the liquor trade and be counted. By Constitutional methods open to every body of citizens and by an overwhelming majority, the Congress of the Nation and the Legislatures of the States decreed the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. You had your chance then to fight for the retention of the saloon if you desired it or for a modified control of the liquor business if that seemed best.

You, at least those of you who have no sympathy with the liquor trade, lost the fight against the Eighteenth Amendment in large measure by default. In a nation such as the United States no fight need be permanently lost. If the principles of personal liberty and individual independence which you have rediscovered since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment are valid principles, if they are inconsistent with the ideals for which the drys fought, you still have an opportunity to convince the Nation of the soundness of your views.

You can join Senator Wadsworth in urging that the Eighteenth Amendment be made permissive instead of mandatory. That is your privilege as American citizens. You can join others in urging the complete repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. That is your right as a member of our representative democracy. Beware, however, lest in any campaign that you undertake you wage your battle along lines tending to destroy the rules of law and order under which your property and lives are protected and you are yourselves given a free hand to propose such changes as you desire to make.

Americans have learned to fight their political battles according to a definite code. The abuse or the destruction of this code would destroy our whole system of government. When a nation is free to revise its law, the plea for nullification has no place in any argument save that for revolution. If you wish to join belated battle with the drys, do so on the same terms and conditions with which they fought for the abolition of the saloon.

If you would fight the drys, remember that you must be prepared with something more than an attack upon the undoubted evils of the present situation. You must be prepared with a solution of the liquor problem which offers a convincing alternative to both prohibition and the saloon. You must discover a solution to a problem which has baffled the best minds of many nations. Have you such an alternative? The Nation is ready to give a hearing to your answer.

The Elections

THERE is nothing unusual in the mid-term reaction against an Administration at Washington. For about a generation following the end of the Reconstruction Period Republican Administrations were regularly confronted in their second term with a Democratic majority in the House. It was not until 1898 that a Republican Administration maintained a Republican majority in Congress throughout its term. Again in 1902 the Republicans maintained their majority, but by a reduced margin, as they did in 1906. During these years only twice did the swing from a majority to a minority forecast a change from a Republican to a Democratic Administration. In 1910, however, a change of a Republican to a Democratic majority foreshadowed the coming Wilson Administration. Similarly in 1918 the change from a Democratic to a Republican majority in the House and the Senate indicated the swing to the Republicans that later carried Harding in. In the mid-term election of 1914 the Democrats almost lost their majority, but did not lose the next Presidential election. In 1922 the Republican majority was reduced from 169 to about a score; but the reduction then indicated no ground for hope for the Democrats in the forthcoming Presidential campaign.

In the election this year the usual reaction has taken place. A Republican majority of nearly 60 has been reduced to about a score. The most marked

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Keystone

Harry B. Hawes, Democrat, of Missouri

Keystone

Millard E. Tydings, Democrat, of Maryland

Keystone

Alben W. Barkley, Democrat, of Kentucky

Newcomers to the Senate—although elected this month,

change has been in the Senate. There the loss of seven doubtful seats, together with the uncertainty as to what will happen to the Republican candidates elected from Pennsylvania and Illinois when their right to seats in the Senate will be challenged, makes the control of the Senate after March 4 next a question.

Actual control of the Senate during the Seventieth Congress in so far as balance of power is concerned will almost certainly be with the little group of nominal Republicans who by themselves are called Progressives and by others Insurgents or Radicals. Powerless to enact legislation on its own initiative, this group, combining with the like-minded in the other party, will have the chance to decide what legislation shall or shall not be enacted by casting its strength with either Democrats or Republicans.

Partisan advantage appears to be with the Democrats; but it is an advantage that is hazardous; for if the Democrats control they will be held responsible, and responsibility is not always welcome to an opposition party.

Of the seven doubtful seats which the Democrats captured, five somewhat naturally belong to them. These are from the border States of Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Arizona. There, where Democratic majorities are the normal thing, it was natural that Weller, Ernst, Williams, Harreld, and Cameron would give place to Democrats when the issue was one simply of nominal Democracy or nominal Republicanism. Of the displaced Senators four were good average Senators as the average goes and one, Cameron, was below standard and did not always exert his influence in the public interest. Carl Hayden, who comes up from the House, is almost certain to make a better Senator for Arizona and the country than Cameron has made. The other four also came up from the House. Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, has displayed considerable ability, as has Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky. Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, and Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma, have been less heard of.

The severest blow to Republican prestige was the defeat of Senator Butler. The President's appeal to the voters of his own State to re-elect his friend and close political associate was unsuccessful. It probably did the President no harm, for it was counted to him for political righteousness as an evidence of gratitude and friendship. Mr. Butler's successful opponent, former Senator David I. Walsh, was wise enough vigorously to deny that Coolidge was the issue.

Senator Wadsworth's failure in New York was the consequence of his own unwisdom. He attempted to commit his party to a wet policy and at the same time to appeal to dry votes. He went down on an issue of his own choosing. He undertook a straddle on prohibition at a time when no man's legs are long enough to reach the two precipices of the issue, and he naturally went into the chasm. Robert Wagner, who displaces him, is an unknown quantity in National affairs.

On the Pacific coast the outstanding feature was the strengthening of the Republican position in an off year. That California would vote strongly Republican was a foregone conclusion; but both Oregon and Nevada have elected Republican Governors in the place of Democrats, and Frederick Steiwer, a Republican, is apparently sure of election in Oregon, in spite of the fact that the candidacy of Senator R. N. Stanfield, running as an independent after being rejected by his party in the primary, split the Republican vote. In California the Republican landslide was remarkable, Senator Shortridge's plurality being some 250,000 and Lieutenant-Governor Young's plurality in the election for Governor being nearly half a million.

Out of the elections emerges one prominent figure as a Presidential candidate—the popular Governor of New York, "Al" Smith. His success has been due primarily not so much to the support of any policy or policies he represented as to his own personality. He is thoroughly human. He knows, not only the subjects with which he deals, but the people whom he represents. He is a wet, unmistakably and unreservedly; but he doubtless received many dry votes because he was "Al" Smith.

No Republican has emerged as an outstanding figure to challenge the leadership of President Coolidge.

Abroad, especially on the Continent

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Underwood & Underwood

Carl Hayden, Democrat, of Arizona

Keystone

Elmer Thomas, Democrat, of Oklahoma

Keystone

Frederick Steiwer, Republican, of Oregon

they will not take office until March 4, 1927

of Europe, the elections have seemed to be interpreted as a revolt against prohibition. It is true that of the referendums on the subject the majority were carried by wet votes. But their effect upon National policy directly is exactly zero. New York and Illinois have nominally petitioned Congress to let the States interpret prohibition each for itself, but Congress will not do that without a revolution in opinion, of which there is no sign. Nevada has expressed an opinion that prohibition is a failure, and has called for a convention of States to repeal or amend the Eighteenth Amendment. Wisconsin voted in favor of an alcoholic content of 2.75 per cent —which means nothing in the face of the present Volstead Act. Montana voted to repeal its State enforcement law; but Missouri, Colorado, and California voted to retain their State laws to enforce prohibition. In northern California the vote at one time ran four to one in favor of repeal, but the huge plurality piled up by the cities in favor of repeal vanished altogether before the overwhelming dry vote of the rest of the State. The results of the referendums in eight out of the forty-eight States have thus no direct or practical effect upon the Constitution, the National Prohibition Law, or National prohibition enforcement. Because of the futility of some of these referendums, a great number of those who believe in prohibition and its enforcement refrained from voting altogether. To that extent the wet majorities were misleading. So far as these referendums indicate anything, they voice the recognized dissatisfaction, especially in the cities of the country, with prohibition as it is. Nowhere is there any sign of a desire for the return of the saloon, and very little sign of any desire for the return of the legalized private liquor traffic.

Apart from prohibition the elections indicate no outstanding National issues; and even including prohibition no issues manifestly dividing the voters on party lines.

Was He an Oafish Country Lawyer?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

HISTORY, as a literary art, is in a constant state of flux. It never becomes fixed and permanent like a sheet of marble, but apparently must be plowed up and recultivated by each succeeding generation like a field. Take the case of Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps no man in history, with the exception of the Carpenter of Nazareth and possibly Napoleon, has been more studied or has had more written about him. It might be supposed that his character and qualities were by this time thoroughly understood. And yet one mistaken tradition about him still curiously persists.

Week before last I gave an account in these pages of a new book of American impressions by St. Loe Strachey, editor of the London "Spectator." Mr. Strachey is probably the best informed of living Englishmen on American history. He confesses that he is almost half an American himself in sympathy and interest. He devotes four chapters of his book to four representative Americans—Jefferson, Emerson, Whitman, and Lincoln—and I do not know where in shorter compass may be found a more sympathetic and understanding interpretation of these four men who are racy of our soil and civilization. Lincoln he adores, and he knows him as few men on either side of the Atlantic in my generation know him. Yet he gives currency to a Lincoln tradition which is erroneous in fact and impossible in psychology, although it seems almost hopeless to try to eradicate it from the popular conception of the Great Emancipator.

Mr. Strachey says that Lincoln entered the White House, on assuming the Presidency, an "oafish country lawyer." If the word "oafish" here means awkward, ungainly, or plain to the point of ugliness, it may perhaps pass. But the connotation shows that Mr. Strachey accepts the not uncommon idea that up to March 4, 1861, Lincoln was mediocre in intellect and achievements, that his law

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practice came pretty close to pettifoggery, but that by a sort of miracle his experiences in the first few weeks of the Civil War transformed him into a statesman.

Mr. Strachey is not to be blamed for this notion. It is one entertained by many of Lincoln's countrymen and prevailed even among some of his contemporaries. Hugh McCulloch, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, says of Lincoln in the spring of 1861:

> Mr. Lincoln had no educational advantages in his early life. In appearance he was unprepossessing, in manners ungraceful, in taste unrefined, or at least peculiar, but he was warm-hearted and genial. In knowledge of men, in strong common sense, in sound judgment, in sagacity, Mr. Lincoln had no superior. He was unassuming, patient, hopeful, far-seeing.

William Allen Butler, one of the really great leaders of the New York bar in the latter half of the nineteenth century, who was a devout supporter of Lincoln and whose law partner was Lincoln's intimate friend and political appointee, says in his reminiscences:

> Lincoln, who had not added materially to his reputation by the short and often undignified speeches which he made on his way to Washington, and whose entrance into the National capital surreptitiously, to avoid possible plots and conspiracies in Baltimore, had excited some ridicule, now stood forth on the steps of the Capitol and delivered his inaugural address. This was the first of the many declarations which have made his public utterances, from the moment he took the oath of office to the day of his martyrdom, unique and immortal.

I select these two quotations from distinguished contemporaries and supporters of Lincoln as an illustration of the beginning of the legend which Mr. Strachey now repeats. Hugh McCulloch intimates that the first fifty-two years of his life were those of an ignoramus; Mr. Butler, that he could not even make a speech worth respect until he was inaugurated but *from that moment* his public utterances were of a unique and immortal character. If this were true, the intellectual conversion of Abraham Lincoln would have been more miraculous than that of St. Paul.

Of course it is not true. Lincoln did not suddenly step from vulgar ignorance into supreme comprehension. His entire life, from the time when, at the age of twenty-four, he stood as a candidate for election to the Illinois Legislature until, at the age of fifty-two, he delivered his First Inaugural, was one long, steady but unconscious preparation for his great career as a National statesman. He was, it is true, uneducated in the technical sense of the word. But as a youth he had read over and over again some of the best writings in English literature, and when he had no book at his command he pored over the English dictionary. Reading the dictionary to get an education may seem a little like studying a book of etiquette to acquire politeness. Nevertheless there is something in it. Some forty years ago my room-mate and I in a small New England college, before the days of entertainment now afforded by bridge or cross-word puzzles, used to amuse ourselves occasionally during a long winter evening with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I would open the heavy book at random and read the words in the order in which they appeared and see for how many of them my room-mate could give an intelligent definition. He would then take the book and, opening it at another place, would put me to the same test. It is surprising how much this trifling game helped us in our written work. Lincoln's home-made study of English early gave him a telling style. Take, for instance, this passage from an announcement to his constituents in the legislative election of 1836:

> I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females).
>
> If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon as my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me.
>
> While acting as their representative, I shall be governed by their will on all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others, I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests.

Not only is this tersely expressed, but it contains the germ of the political philosophy which enabled Lincoln as President to lead his people out of the wilderness. There is not much ignorance or pettifogging or lack of dignity here.

William Allen Butler was a man of broad cultivation and ripe judgment. When I found that he said that Lincoln's speeches on his way from Springfield to Washington to assume the Presidency were commonplace and undignified, I felt that here was testimony in support of Mr. Strachey's conception. But I took the trouble to look up the speeches for myself. They have all, even the shortest of them, been printed in Lincoln's complete works. The journey took from February 11 to February 27, 1861, and there are thirty-one speeches in all, some made on formal occasions to mayors or Legislatures, some being mere words of welcome to groups that had gathered at the stations as his train passed along. It should be remembered that as President-elect he was facing an awful crisis which he hoped would not, but which eventually did, result in civil war. He had wisely to refrain from any assertions which would accentuate sectional hatreds or jeopardize his future conduct of affairs. The thirty-one speeches taken as a whole are masterly in this respect. Without rancor or threatening they breathe the deepest sentiments of patriotism and morality and lay down general principles of National conduct. The only possible ground for the assertion that they lacked dignity may be found in one or two jocose allusions to his own lack of physical attractiveness. Lincoln's beautiful farewell address at Springfield is fit to be associated with his Gettysburg speech and his Second Inaugural. It is so well known that it needs no quotation here. In greeting the Germans of Cincinnati he said:

> In regard to the Germans and foreigners, I esteem them no better than other people, nor any worse. It is not my nature, when I see a people borne down by the weight of their shackles —the oppression of tyranny—to make their life more bitter by heaping upon them greater burdens; but rather would I do all in my power to raise the yoke than to add anything to crush them.

Sound doctrine for hyphenates!

To the New York Legislature he said:

> It is true that, while I hold myself the humblest of all individuals that have ever been elevated to the Presidency, I have a more difficult task to perform than any one of them. . . . I do not propose to enter into an explanation of any particular line of policy, as to our present difficulties, to be adopted by the incoming Adminis-

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tration. I deem it just to you, to myself, to all, that I should see everything, that I should hear everything, that I should have every light that can be brought within my reach, in order that, when I do so speak, I shall have enjoyed every opportunity to take correct and true ground. . . . But when the time comes, I shall speak, as well as I am able, for the good of the present and future of this country—for the good both of the North and of the South.

To the New Jersey Legislature he said:

I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to preserve it, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. . . . I trust that I may have your assistance in piloting the ship of state through this voyage, surrounded by peril as it is; for if it should suffer wreck now there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage.

When Lincoln arrived in Washington, there was sitting a non-official Peace Conference called by the Governor of Virginia. The members of that Conference, both Secessionists and Unionists, called upon Lincoln at his hotel. Lincoln's replies to their questions as recorded by L. E. Chittenden—who later became Register of the Treasury in Lincoln's Administration—are full of wisdom. "He spoke," says Chittenden, "apparently without premeditation, with a singular ease of manner and facility of expression."

As to Lincoln's legal acumen, the records show that he was one of the leaders of the Illinois bar and that he had been retained and had appeared in a number of important corporation cases which required a knowledge of business principles and finance. When he was twenty-nine years of age, he made a speech on a banking bill in the Illinois Legislature which shows that he had made some careful study of financial questions.

Lincoln was ungainly, awkward, and unpolished, but so was Socrates. The mystery of Lincoln's genius can never be explained, for all creative genius is inexplicable. But to say that the crown of genius was placed on his head only when as an "oafish country lawyer" he entered the White House, is the least reasonable explanation that can be devised.

Goliath and David

The Contest between China and Belgium

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

WE have been watching a strange sight in these Brussels streets—a procession of motor cars filled with Chinese who, as they went along, were distributing handbills warning citizens of a rupture of relations if the Belgo-Chinese Treaty were not modified.

There is "open diplomacy" for you with a vengeance! The Chinese are giving us a vivid lesson in it. We have always deemed Occidentals more aggressive than Orientals; here, however, Orientals are showing themselves very wide-awake, not to say fierce, propagandists.

THIS does not mean that China has abandoned the usages of diplomacy as represented by her Minister here.

Some time ago the Chinese Government decided to denounce the treaties concluded in 1865 with the foreign Powers and to enter upon negotiations with a view to elaborating new treaties suppressing the "inequality" clause.

This policy was to begin with Belgium. At the end of August the Peking Government signified its intention of denouncing on October 27 its treaty with Belgium. On its part, the Belgian Government's view is that, in virtue of the treaty terms, Belgium, juridically, alone has the right to denounce that instrument.

In this Belgian nation, jealous of its own independence and sovereignty, there is much sympathy for China in her efforts towards the same ends and a disposition to aid her desires where possible. But there is equal concern for the large Belgian interests at stake in that country—namely, in the Belgian capital invested in Chinese export commerce and in numerous railway, tramway, bridge-building, coal, lighting, and glass enterprises. Of course, the Brussels Government has these sensitive points of Belgian economic penetration into China in mind, as it examines the situation to be suddenly made by the treaty denunciation.

HENCE M. Vandervelde, Belgian Foreign Minister, with whom I have been talking, in a desire to go as far as possible, proposed to the Chinese Minister here the conclusion of a *modus vivendi*, to remain in force until a new treaty should be signed and the old "inequality" clause expunged. The Minister accepted and, in turn, proposed his own *modus vivendi* project. If it gave satisfaction as to extra-territoriality, it refused any concession as to consular jurisdiction; that is to say, Belgians in China would henceforth be subject to Chinese tribunals.

Now, rightly or wrongly, one hears that much of the Chinese magistracy is venal, and the Chinese claim in the *modus vivendi* is the more inadmissible since the Extra-territoriality Conference at Peking, recently adjourned, decided, so it is reported, unanimously (of course including the Chinese delegate's vote) that the only possible present modification in the actual régime should be limited to certain slight consular jurisdiction amendments. So M. Vandervelde had to decline the Chinese offer.

Should the Chinese at home take the law into their own hands and proceed to acts—if, for example, after October 27, China should refuse to grant the right of consular jurisdiction to Belgians—the Brussels Government, one understands, is ready to carry the dispute to the Hague Court.

EXTREMES meet—little Belgium and big China, David and Goliath. Is it, however, entirely a case of quality vs. quantity? Who knows? The Hague Court perhaps.

In any event, our present day is marked by the impressive movement of Asiatic countries, like Turkey and China, to throw off the bonds of extra-territoriality, capitulations, and consular jurisdiction, characterizing their hitherto inferior civilizations, and to emphasize the principle of sovereignty.

Brussels, October 25, 1926.

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Prohibition in Belgium

By EMILE VANDERVELDE

Belgian Foreign Minister

IT is with great satisfaction that The Outlook gives to its readers this article by the foremost Socialist statesman of our time. Mr. Vandervelde's services to his country during the war made him one of the conspicuous figures of the world. He is one of the few public men of distinction who have survived the years that have intervened since the war to remain in eminent public service to-day. This article, written especially for The Outlook, was obtained at our request by The Outlook's editor in Europe, Dr. Elbert Francis Baldwin.

Alcoholism is a problem in European countries, as it has been in America, but it has risen under a different environment. This article indicates, not only the difference between the European and the American phases of the problem, but also the difference in the two methods of dealing with it. It is an authoritative statement of the attitude taken by a European country that has been one of the foremost in grappling with the evils of the liquor trade.

—THE EDITORS.

Beer

BELGIANS drink much beer. It is, in general, a light drink. The ordinary beer, the most drunk, the so-called *bière de ménage*, has from one to three per cent of alcohol. Certain beers, however, such as the *lambic* or the *uitzet*, are stronger, but are not much drunk.

Wine

BELGIANS drink little wine. It is too dear. Belgium does not produce wine, but we have a customs union with the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, where white wine is produced. Nevertheless, since spirituous liquors can no longer be obtained at retail here, more wine is drunk in Belgium than formerly (though that is not saying very much), while the consumption of mineral water has enormously increased.

Hard Liquor

As with you in America, so here in Belgium, there is hardly any intoxication not caused by hard liquor. Recognizing this, the Belgian lawmakers did not enact any repressive legislation with respect to beer and wine (save that wine shall not contain more than 18 per cent alcohol), but they did with respect to more alcoholic beverages. At any cabaret or café, restaurant or hotel, one can without hindrance procure a glass of beer or wine; not so a glass of brandy. To get its higher percentage of alcohol one has to go to a grocer or a wine-and-spirits merchant. The law forbids him to sell anything by the glass. Nor is he allowed to sell less than two liters (about two quarts) of alcohol or more than six.

Nor is the buyer permitted to consume spirituous liquor on the premises. He must take it home. You might think that this would lead to an increase of domestic drunkenness, but such does not appear to have been the case.

The Law

THE present law came into force in 1919. During the war, on my initiative, the Belgian Government had adopted a more radical system—that is to say, first the complete suppression of the sale of distilled liquor, and then the interdiction of more than 5 per cent of alcohol in beer and more than 15 per cent in wine.

But the Belgian Parliament, on its return to the homeland, would not go so far. Instead it passed the present law, suppressing the retail sale of hard liquor. Yet even with my greatly modified proposal the percentage of consumption of alcohol, compared with that before the law came into force, is now less than half as great!

Crime

CASES of fraud are comparatively rare. The *procureurs généraux* have been very severe in their prosecutions, although the attitude of certain magistrates has not revealed a too great sympathy with prohibition.

Crimes and immoral acts have greatly diminished, although perhaps hardly in proportion to drunkenness.

As elsewhere, drunkenness seems to have been a chief factor in criminality. Before the war there was a disquieting progression of immoral delinquency having alcoholic origin. For instance, in 1900, of 130 cases of homicide in Belgium, the criminals were drunkards in 101 of them. This proportion has declined, but even now alcohol, it is reported, is the cause of perhaps half the cases.

The proportion between persons of alcoholic heritage and others is not known; it is hard to estimate it exactly. Formerly, however, about half of the criminal drunkards had alcoholic parents, but now, in Belgium, as in America, one is glad to say, the unborn babe has a chance.

Economics

NATURALLY, a workman's fitness for his daily toil, as well as the state of his savings-bank deposits, has been favorably influenced by the new law. A patent proof is the disappearance of the *débits*, or saloons, about the railway stations near the large industrial centers, where the workman was apt to take a glass of something pretty strong while waiting for his train.

The Future

THE law has thus worked encouragingly well as far as it goes. But, in the opinion of very many, it does not go far enough. Instead of a minimum of two liters of alcohol and a maximum of six, the minimum and the maximum might well be the same, or at least four, and with moral advantage. As it is now, if some boon companions would "celebrate" at little cost, they have but to contribute small sums, totaling enough to buy two liters, and then send one of their number down the block for the "stuff." In not a few cases this reminds one of the old days of the corner saloon. The Belgian *cercles privés*, which appeal to less than one per cent of our population, correspond, in general, to the American "dives."

While the law's severity may possibly be increased, there is no chance at present in Belgium for a jump, like that you made in America, to total prohibition. At least two decades of anti-alcoholic popular education will be needed to make most Belgians at all favorably consider the suppression of fermented drink.

The defeat of prohibition in Norway, an agricultural country, will hardly influence Belgium, an intensely industrial country. The good results of our law are too evident not to appeal to a majority of our voters.

Brussels, October 22, 1926.

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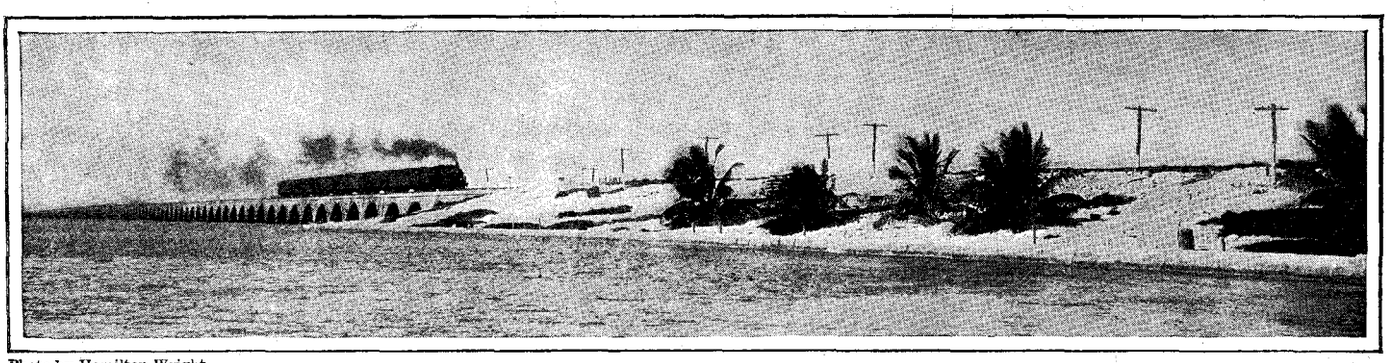

Photo by Hamilton Wright

The Crowning Achievement of Flagler's Lifetime—the Overseas Railway, reaching the little isle of Long Key Fishing Camp after traversing the seven-mile-long viaduct over the ocean from Key West

Florida and on South

And the Reason for the Road Across the Sea

By RUFUS STEELE

ON the map Florida appears like a generous whisker on the chin of the United States and Miami like a bur in the straggling tip of the beard. The implication, on the map and in the simile, is that Miami is remote, unsurrounded, a mere outpost on the far edge of things. But the function of maps, Miami might reply, is to steer one toward his destination, and not to venture a rattle-headed opinion on what he'll find when he gets there. The truth is, Miami regards herself as a center, with a developing circle of influence which presently may prove of importance, not to Florida only, but to as much of the country as is interested in travel and trade.

THE hurricane which swept the capital of the lower East Coast back into public consciousness swept away a good deal of the mist that had made it hard to understand. The town emerges from the disaster with its motives, like its tree roots, exposed. It is fairly plain now that the rushing up of buildings that would be tall even in New York, the raising of millions to deepen the harbor, and similar undertakings such as a metropolis may engage in had a firmer foundation than the boom. Miami has earned the right to have accepted her frequently repeated statement that she regarded the boom as merely an incident, since she has sweat and bled, in the months since the boom disappeared, to show that she could thrive without it. The big things were fashioned as the tools, not of a jumping-off place, but of a logical center with outlooks and outlets that were numerous. Miami has viewed herself as situated strategically in the mid-stream of a current that rises in the middle of the United States and flows southward as far as the equator.

Miami's idea of what her future importance will prove to be may not have been a home-grown notion at all. It was wrapped up in the theories voiced by eminent outsiders who came to study the Florida excitement and explain what it was all about. One of these was Governor Ralph O. Brewster, the alert and studious chief executive of Maine. Florida itself, in the opinion of Governor Brewster, had very little to do with its being suddenly invaded by vast throngs of people. The United States, rich beyond measure and ripe for a new experience, was simply taking a natural if somewhat spectacular step in its expansion. Suddenly everybody was bitten with the bug of going South to explore. They wanted new opportunities; they wanted new trade. Another motive that Governor Brewster detected pleased him most of all. Florida was a vast playground; the people were waking up to the necessity and joy of learning how to play. The very apogee of play was for one to go where he could do it in winter—in knickerbockers and silk shirt—while the home town was covered up with snow. Governor James M. Cox was another analyst who beheld the people sweeping South through an impulse new in themselves. He, as well as various prominent business leaders, foresaw the modern argonauts occupying Florida, stepping across into the West Indies and Cuba, and thence on to become engrossed in the unmeasured trade and development opportunities in South America.

THAT Brewster explanation of the playground and play was one that appealed strongly to the Florida people. It told why the newcomers flowed to the most attractive spots—why, for instance, the lower East Coast, with a climate and a flora that were gifts of the contiguous Gulf Stream, knew no limit of popularity—and also it gave to natural beauty a thrifty importance. The enterprising ones who came only to play, looking up between golf strokes or tarpon strikes, might be depended on to observe the possibilities for agriculture in the Everglades and the possibilities for manufacturing, even if only to supply the State's own multiplying population with the things that could as well be turned out on the spot.

It is apparent that Miami, in her planning and building, had an eye on the day when the territory on three sides of her would be thickly settled by those who played and those who worked, when there would be extensive industry, and when tourists and cargo would go out of her harbor and down the highway bound for the American dependencies, for islands under foreign flags, and for republics of the southern continent.

THIS does not mean, to be sure, that Miami has been alone among South Florida towns to take a foresighted look ahead. During the summer Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood have voted $6,000,000 in bonds for the purpose of converting Lake Mabel, a sound lying between them, into a harbor thirty-five feet deep—deep enough for almost anything except the Leviathan. Key West also is active, with its mind on a definite goal. Under the honorary leadership of Governor Martin and the active leadership of Captain Clark D. Stearns, lately retired commandant of its Navy Yard,

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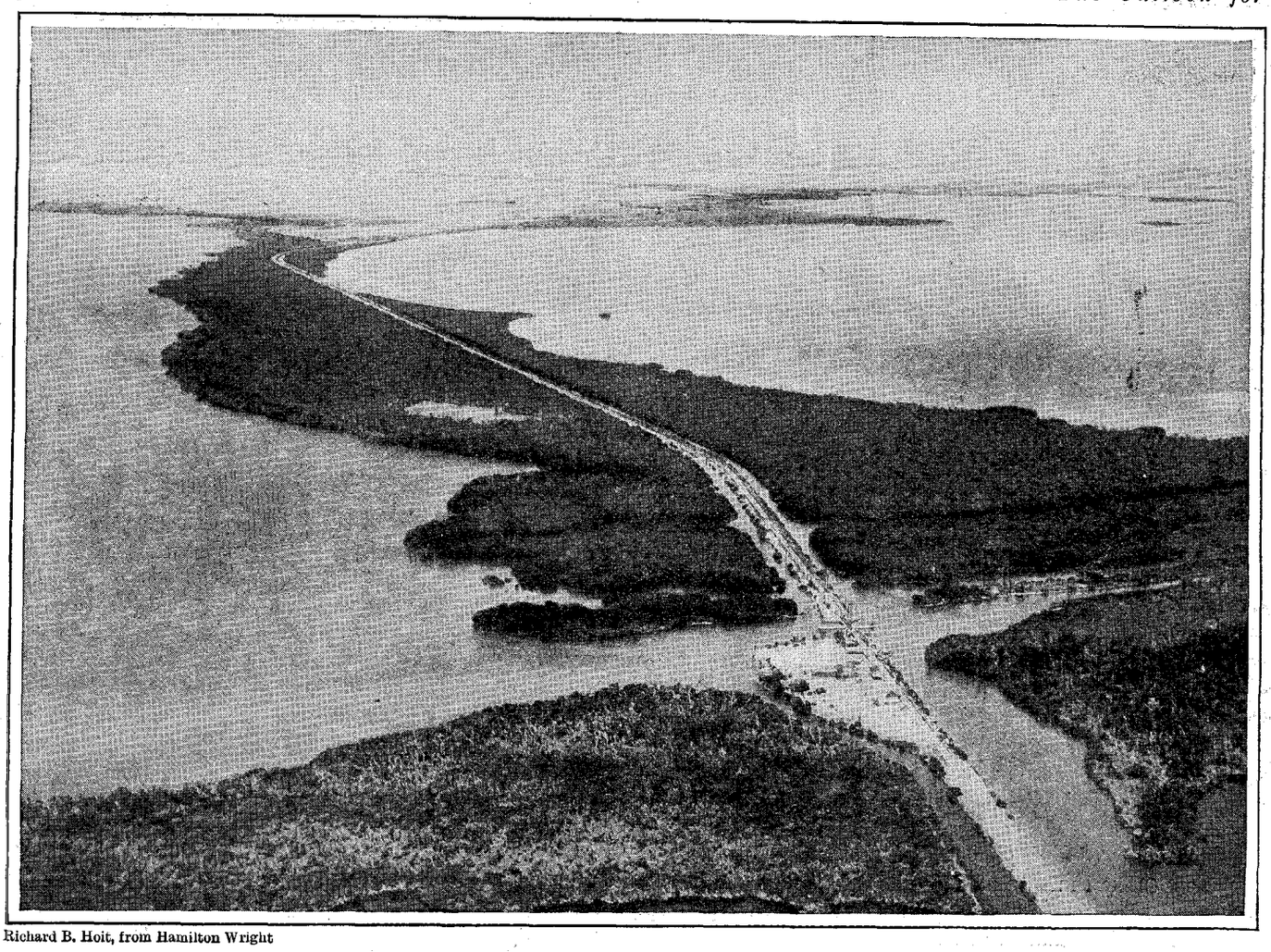

Richard B. Hoit, from Hamilton Wright

As the Florida East Coast Railroad looks from an airplane en route over one of the Florida keys

this southernmost town has pushed to within sight of completion its portion of the Oversea Highway which spans the keys and which, as the local people pleasantly put it, will reach from the Hoboken ferry in New York City to the Havana ferry in Key West.

Miami, with steamers already on the short run between her own harbor and Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, regards the Oversea Highway as a very practical step in the bringing to pass of her vision of the Florida playground expanding into a greater playground that will include a wide area of island-dotted sea. The mainland ends at Florida City, about twenty-five miles south of Miami. From there the keys of all shapes and sizes stretch away in a curving line to Key West, 120 miles distant. That Flagler was able to string these low-lying tropical reefs together with a pair of steel rails gave the auto highway builders their courage as well as their inspiration. At present forty miles of roadway has been completed southward from Florida City and an equal mileage northward from Key West. Construction is under way from both ends. Monroe and Dade Counties, which are shouldering the heavy expense, hope that the highway may be open for traffic by the end of next summer. If pop-eyed motorists do drive into Key West as soon as that, it will mean that they have ferried across a nine-mile gap and a twelve-mile gap in the road. The bridging of these two principal breaches may require several years. A builder stands ready to undertake the expensive job as a private enterprise. His return will come from tolls to be charged—the only tolls to be collected on the highway—and from such land fills as the Federal Government may permit him to make. The plans for these two gaps call for concrete bridges thirty-eight feet wide, equipped and ornamented even to the inclusion of White Way lamps. The cost of the pair is estimated at $13,500,000. Until the bridges are ready it is planned to keep large ferry-boats in service, unless, as the railroad people say is feasible, arrangements are made for autos to cross on specially built flat cars on the Florida East Coast's tracks.

Ninety bridges, from a hundred yards to a mile and a half in length, will take care of the lesser gaps. Through the stout piles supporting them the emerald water will race back and forth with the tides between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The motorist will find himself alternately hemmed in by the cocoanut trees and mangrove thickets of the keys and skimming along over the open sea, with tarpon and porpoise rolling lazily as though to impress him with the fact that he is on the most unique highway in existence.

Key West, when it has exhausted its own colorful joys upon the visitor, will serve him as ferry station extraordinary. Out of its harbor will eventually move auto-carrying steamers bound for a score of ports of the island countries set in the great bowl of the ocean formed by the coast-lines of the three Americas. Between the Bahamas, the most northerly of which lies farther north than Miami, and the Barbadoes, the most southerly of which lies not very far north of Venezuela, stretch the isles of romance. Old and wonderful and little disturbed are the West Indies. Their tropical beauty, starry skies, strange fruits, and strange peoples will delight and satisfy even the seasoned American tourist when he

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studies them from the cushioned seat of his own automobile. It will be an invasion of pleasure cars primarily, but there is no good reason for supposing that trade opportunities blossoming among mamays and sapodillas will be overlooked, and thus in time other boats may be bringing in fleets of trucks.

From Key West it is ninety miles across the indigo Gulf Stream to Havana. So many motorists will want to make the crossing, it is believed, that there is already talk among the shipping men of ferry-boats with a capacity of 200 or 300 automobiles so constructed that cars may embark and debark under their own power. Havana, quaintest and cleanest of cities, and an ample satisfaction in itself, is by no means to be the sole attraction in Cuba. President Machado and Secretary of Public Works Cespedes, desiring to give their country one of the truly fine highways of the world and keenly aware, through the efforts of the American Chamber of Commerce in Havana, of the urge that is driving Americans southward, have sponsored tax laws that will provide $300,000,000 through a period of years for road-building, as well as for the further beautification of Havana. Contracts have been let for the first units of a highway which is to extend through the interesting primitive country of five provinces from Pinar del Rio to Santiago, a distance of 600 miles. In places the highway will pass under great cieva trees planted three hundred years ago in order that the horseman who took his tedious way along the stony trail might have shade.

The auto tourist who rolls down this highway in the days when it stands completed to Cuba's southern shore will find that he may go on to Jamaica, Haiti, Santo Domingo, or Porto Rico by resorting to shorter ferry ride than was required to fetch him to Havana. Farther away, but not so far that their call may not be heard by the more adventurous, will await the Canal Zone and the inviting republics of Central and South America. Or, if the traveler decides to go no farther south than the Cuban mainland, it may be possible for him to prolong the novelty of his trip by taking a new route home. A steamer can pick up a motor car on the western extreme of Cuba and set it down, several hours later, on the Yucatan peninsula in the eastern extreme of Mexico.

How rapidly and how plentifully the United States may develop seagoing automobilists is a pleasant matter of speculation, but Miami, a metropolis in the path of the human movement in the direction of the equator, has written the future's possibilities definitely into her plans. Miami, according to some of her leading citizens, anticipates the uninterrupted development of Florida, boom or no boom, and she expects, in an important degree, to inspire and equip the grand adventure that will make conquest of the West Indies and then roll on nobody knows how far. Experience, according to the same resident authorities, has prepared Miami for vast things. It has given her a superior understanding of the merchantable qualities of a benign climate and the dollars and cents to be won from the beauties of nature when expressed in a tropical and overwhelming mood.

Where Football Falls Down

In which a Former Football Player Points Out the Shortcomings of a Game He Loves

By John C. Baldwin, M.D.

There is no doubt but that the boy who plays football takes a foremost place among his college fellows. When he makes the team, his place in college life is thereby established. No other game makes half the appeal to the undergraduate body, or as great a one to the world at large. To me no game can offer a thrill to compare with a cleanly caught punt run back past charging ends or a smashing offense held on the very goal line.

Perhaps it may seem strange, then, that I do not want my own boys to play college football. I grant its dramatic appeal. I grant its place as a developer of courage, self-control, and team-work. I am not particularly perturbed by the whispers of commercialism and professionalism. Neither am I aghast at the physical dangers of the game, although a somewhat treacherous knee often reminds me of them. These common arguments for and against football are, so far as I am concerned, beside the mark. And for these reasons:

I believe that four years at college should give a boy certain things which he can get less surely elsewhere. The most important of these things is the capacity to enjoy life, intellectually, socially, and physically, to the full. It is, of course, of the physical enjoyment of life that I am writing here. Just as his intellectual education should fit him to appreciate books and pictures and music, so his physical training should fit him to get the most out of his games and outdoor recreation. In so far as college athletics do this they accomplish their purpose, and hold a rightful and important place in education. When they do not, they become a side-show; attractive, to be sure, but, after all, not the main issue. From this standpoint, athletics are a vital part of the training a boy is to receive at college. They are not merely fun for the moment, any more than are economics or biology. They are to be chosen and followed with a view to the use that is to be made of them in later years.

That is where football falls down. There comes, one Saturday afternoon in November of senior year, your last game. And when the whistle blows, at the end of a weary fourth quarter, you're through! You never play again. You have left memories. Nothing to give life more zest at thirty or forty or fifty. Leaving out of consideration the sporadic attempts to establish football as a profession, it is not played after leaving college. Judged on this basis, it does not live up to its splendor of college days.

What are the sports, then, which do make life fuller after graduation? The list will vary with different localities and with personal preference, but there are certain fundamentals which are the same pretty much the world over. To swim, to ride a horse, to box, to skate, and to shoot; these are the rudiments which every boy should know. Of the less elemental sports, tennis and golf rank first. Rowing, hockey, and lacrosse hold a few after graduation.

But football is a game quite apart. It has less in common with the sports of later life than any other form of college

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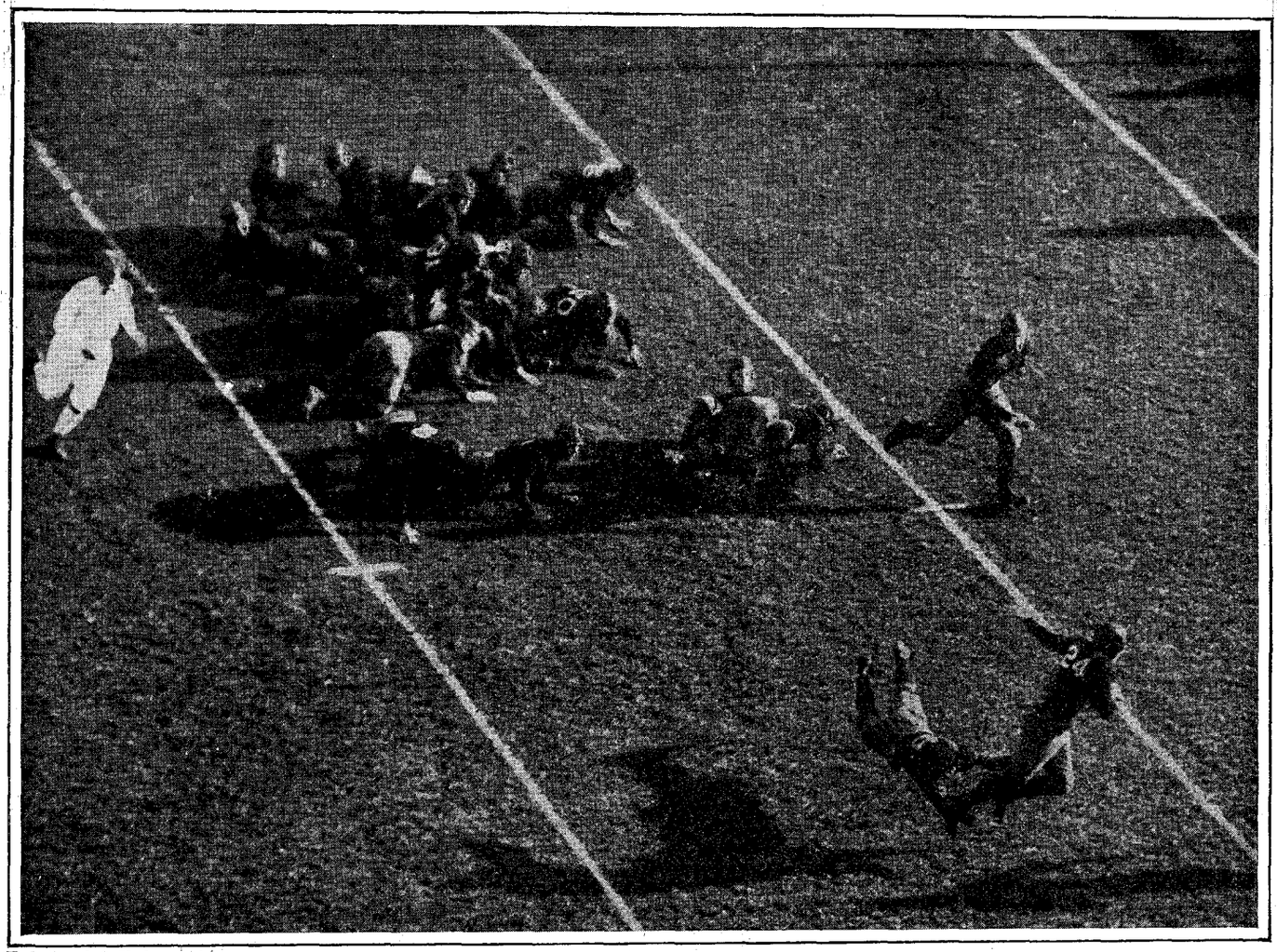

Underwood & Underwood

A Big Game of 1926

Princeton defeats Harvard in the stadium on the banks of the Charles. The illustration shows one of those dramatic moments in modern football which bring the stands up cheering

athletics. The same amount of time and energy if applied, for example, to golf or tennis would give the boy a dexterity which would last him throughout his life. As it is, it gives him a well-developed body with no aptitude for other games. For it does not follow that a man who has developed an excellent physique under perfect control through his years of football can take up other sports readily. To most men the first ten years after leaving college are the busiest and most exacting of their lives. Playtimes are few and far between. Without constant exercise, the physical advantages which football has given are soon lost. And with only an occasional Saturday afternoon, one does not start playing golf or tennis. These games are recreation to the man who has a certain proficiency, not to the dub. He who has learned to play at college picks up his racket or his golf bag, when a free afternoon comes, and hies him to the court or the links, with a background of training which makes his afternoon good fun. While the man who played football deprived himself of the time necessary to master these other sports. And, having no game to keep himself in condition, he soon loses the physical strength which football gave him.

There are, of course, other benefits of the game which are not lost. Perhaps the most important of these is a consciousness of physical courage. Every boy has it as his birthright, but he must know he has it. It must be proved to him on the field of battle before it is really his own. Football proves it beyond all doubt. But so does every worth-while sport. To pull to the end of the last half-mile in an eight-oared shell, with every nerve crying for rest; to smash over the winning point in a five-set tennis match, when the body has rebelled, games before; to hole out a putt on the eighteenth green with the game hanging in the balance—these all take courage. Not so heralded as playing through the last quarter with a broken rib, but just as real and just as fine and just as needed in later life. The gridiron is not the only proving-ground of courage.

The boy who is playing on the college football team cannot hope to play the other games too. Football is too hard a taskmaster; it brooks no interference. During the fall it takes all of his time, and snatches a few weeks of spring for practice as well. Furthermore, it takes so much of his energy and thought that his studies suffer woefully. In consequence, if he wishes to stand creditably in his classroom, he must study doubly hard during the rest of the year. It takes far too much for what it gives.

That is why I do not want my own boys to play college football. Not because I dislike football—I still love it—but because I believe a boy should take part in those forms of athletics which will give him games to play when college days are over. His sports should be chosen, just as his studies are, with some regard to the life he will probably lead after graduation. He ought not to spend four years majoring in a form of athletics which, while fine exercise in itself, has no bearing on recreation after graduation. Football stops with the end of college days. I want my boys to have games which they can play with enjoyment because they can play them well when they are thirty and forty and fifty.

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Autumn Along the Beaches

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

A YEAR, with all its days, has come and gone
Since last under the arch of heaven I stood
In the old ecstasy, and looked upon
These endless waters, this bleak solitude.

All is unchanged: the sea-birds wheel and pass,
The patient dunes go down along the sky
In wavering lines of green, from the scant grass
A single cricket lifts his solemn cry.

Autumn is on the wind; the chilly air
Is wide and vacant, the pale waters seem
Paler and lonelier—lonely and bare
The tawny beaches, fading like a dream.

On the right hand of heaven there is light—
And on the left is darkness and the gray
Cover of cloud; southward the sea is bright—
But northward sorrow and shadow all the way.

Dull blues and purples, glossy black and green
On the one hand—and on the other sheer
Glory of gold! The waters in between
Are doubtful—half in hope, and half in fear.

But always a cold light along the rim
Wells secretly, the under-heavens cast
Cold light along the verge under the dim
Borders of darkness where the clouds are massed.

Around one center the slow bulk revolves;
Far out a haze curtains the mystery
Of some ecstatic deed—the cloud dissolves
And sheds his drifting rain upon the sea.

It is the bridal of heaven and ocean—brief
Is the rapt moment ere the gauzy veil,
Crumbling, is lifted. As with tremulous grief
Of parting, the divided wastes are pale.

Wan wastes of wave, and glimmering wastes that crowd
The worn horizon—passion and regret.
Sea-scud, and faltering light, and trailing cloud
Reluctant, where the old longing labors yet.

The slant rain slackens. From the hopeful, blue
Meadows of heaven, widening evermore,
A sudden shaft of light comes piercing through,
And points a shining finger down the shore.

Alternate gleam and shadow! Like a wand
The running radiance all along the line
Travels with soundless motion. Far beyond
Headlands and dunes and brightening beaches shine.

Darkness is rolled away: the great banks move
Northward, save for a few high streaks that show
The vault of heaven still higher far above,
So high they seem, yet lie so far below.

They move like swans upon an azure lake—
The bleak skies of the autumn afternoon
Wash 'round them in chill loveliness and make
Their fleecy edges brighter, fading soon.

The room of the world is bare from bound to bound,
A vacant chamber—heaven overhead
Is a blue ceiling, the heavens that wall it 'round
Are blue, before me the blue floors are spread.

Blue mile on mile, from deep to azure height
Eastward, the everlasting arches loom!
Blue mile on mile forever to the bright
Limits! The world is like an empty room.

On the void sea no sail, no sign. Far out
A lone bird, through the shifting corridors
Of billowing water blown and tossed about,
Wavers and veers along the windy floors.

Loneliness—endlessness—and mystery!
No voice disturbs the silence of the sun.
No shadow is on the surface of the sea.
The clouds are scattered and darkness is undone.

The huddled waters in their sorrow move
At the wind's will that herds them without stay
Over the barren reaches, drove on drove—
A myriad waves all moving the one way.

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American Institutions: What Are They?

By Don C. Seitz

NOT long since, after debating prohibition with the uplifting Upshaw, of Georgia, before a Get Together Club in the pleasant hamlet of Hartford, Connecticut, I was rewarded with an approving note from an Eminent Citizen that contained this sentence: "When a man has to wrap himself in the flag and call upon God and his angels to save American institutions, it seems to me his arguments have become pretty thin." The phrase set me to thinking. So much is being broadcast concerning American "institutions" that it appeared worth while to catalogue them and see what they really are.

To begin with, in its first decade the great Republic had no "institutions," and was not at all certain that it wanted any—not even the celebrated Constitution. The Father of His Country had small confidence in his child and was by no means sure that it would grow up. There were no parties to wrap themselves in the starry banner, while things in general were in a mess. With the incoming of the nineteenth century the real America began to shape up and develop "institutions." Those that prevailed by periods for the first fifty years may be catalogued as follows:

The American Eagle
Andrew Jackson
The United States Bank
African Slavery
Anti-Masonry
Daniel Webster
Henry Clay
Fifty-four-Forty or Fight
The Bowie Knife
Wildcat Currency
Colt's Navy Revolver
Hard Cider and Log Cabins

Each of these men and items played its part in warming up or letting out our blood. The Compromise of 1850 caused the Bird of Freedom to begin to molt. Jackson was dead, Clay and Webster died. There came into being a new group of "institutions" that may be yarded up in this fashion:

The Little Giant
Squatter Sovereignty
Bleeding Kansas
Know-Nothingism
The Republican Party
Fire-Eaters
John Brown's Body
Horace Greeley

In 1860 the Bird of Freedom lost a bunch of its tail feathers, and there followed four weary years of war that destroyed one "institution" and damaged others. Indeed, they were narrowed down to a single one, viz.,

The Old Flag.

For ten years after the war we were without "institutions," unless the Tweed Ring could be called such, but it was too local to qualify. After 1875 came a renaissance. It grew fast and filled the last quarter-century before the incoming of the twentieth in some such fashion as this:

Grangers
The Grand Army of the Republic
The Standard Oil Company
James G. Blaine (the Plumed Knight)
The Protective Tariff
The American Workman
Tin Plate
The Carnegie Steel Company
Thomas B. Reed
Grover Cleveland
Mark A. Hanna
Thomas C. Platt
The A. P. A.

Toward the end of the century we added to this glorious company—

The Grand Old Party
William Jennings Bryan
Samuel Gompers
Theodore Roosevelt
Uncle Joe Cannon
Sixteen to One

The men named survived far into the present century. Uncle Joe is still with us, but an "institution emeritus." Before Roosevelt and Bryan went noisily to their tombs they were responsible for a number of "institutions" that may rank as those of the present day and come in for more consideration than mere cataloguing, viz.:

Red-Blooded Americanism
The Strenuous Life
Fundamentalism
Prohibition

Topping these we have:

The Anti-Saloon League
Installment-Plan Buying
Mortgage Bonds
No Speed Limit
The Eighteenth Amendment
Female Suffrage
Henry Ford
General Motors
One Hundred Per Cent Americanism
The Rockefeller Foundation
The Carnegie Foundation
Nicholas Murray Butler
Bootleggers
The Methodist Church
Bandits
Al Smith
The Ku Klux Klan
The American Federation of Labor
Jim Reed
The United States Steel Corporation
Judge Elbert H. Gary
Professor W. Z. Ripley
Professor Irving Fisher

I omit the American Legion, the World Court, the League of Nations, a World Safe for Democracy, and the Fourteen Points, as having either their seed or roots in foreign soil, and therefore having no place in the galaxy of true American "institutions." The American Legion tries hard to make itself at home in America, but its toes turn ever toward ungrateful France, even though it had to pay two francs for a bottle of wine worth ten centimes. It fusses a little about the flag, but is less meticulous since it got its bonus. It will hardly become a purely American "institution" until ripe for pensions. So it can be dismissed as a present consideration.

It will be observed that few "institutions" survive in America. Like Omar's "snow upon the desert's dusty face," they bide their little time and fade away in the sands of time. The most enduring appear to be the protective tariff and the American Federation of Labor. The tariff shows signs of growing weak in its joints, and the Federation of Labor is becoming capitalistic. As for the others, red blood seems to be growing a bit pale, and Fundamentalism is getting sleepy. The steel corporation has turned its half billion of water into a billion and a half of assets, as viewed by the stock market, and Judge Gary is eighty years old. Al Smith threatens to be a candidate for President. Jim Reed is the one sharp thorn in the stodgy Senate, and the Klan is sinking into a swale of self-contrived scandal. It meant well, but did not know how. Americans love monkey-shines until the consequences become serious. Then they grow cold. General Motors has doubled its capital, while Henry Ford has inaugurated a five-day week with six days' pay if you can earn it in the curtailed time. The Eighteenth Amendment is being left mainly to take care of itself until such

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time as the appetite for alcohol fades out. The bootleggers are taking pains to see that this does not happen suddenly. One hundred per cent Americanism is beginning to feel the strain of doing the housework and mowing the lawn. From north and south "Canucks" and "Greasers" are pouring in to fill the vacuum caused by the selective process of admitting "foreigners" from overseas. The energetic auto is killing an average of seventy pure bloods a day, and other casualties continue. The Methodists keep up their moral vigor and muss up Indiana politics. But the majority of our "institutions" are plainly on the fade. We shall soon need some more or face a revival of bridge whist.

Hand in hand with those that survive march a brave company of "ideals" and "American standards." These are all harder to locate than "institutions." Both capital and labor are strong for the American standard of living, which, for the moment, is based upon an "institution," to wit, "the installment plan." This is the system whereby you get what you want when you want it and pay for it when you can—if at all. The wise guys shake their heads at the practice, but it goes gayly on. A free people must be absolved from all forms of restraint if they are to enjoy the blessings of liberty.

Restraint was once considered the backbone of democracy. It has quite disappeared as a requirement. We must all be allowed to do as we please—to others. This is the New Freedom.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Our Neighbors Beyond the Rio Grande

By W. J. GHENT

MR. GEORGE CREEL'S "The People Next Door"[1] sustains and supports most of my pet convictions regarding the Mexican problem, and it is therefore pronounced to be a good book. It further justifies this verdict in that it shows the evidences of hard and conscientious labor. But it is not a well-written book. A good deal of it is framed in the language of a Bowery melodrama, and much of it is needlessly truculent in tone. The "lie direct" is more frequently employed than the "retort courteous" or the "quip modest," and it is sometimes accentuated with rather lurid ornamentations.

That in their campaign against the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico the Whigs resorted to every species of political chicane, that the abolitionists revealed themselves as heedless fanatics, and that both of them combined to coin falsehoods that have become securely embedded in history ought no longer to be questioned. Lincoln himself, the author might have added, got into this mess more deeply than his later judgment approved; and he was careful to point out in the biographical sketch he prepared in 1860 that, though he had voted with the rest of the Whigs for the Ashmun amendment, he had also voted for all the supply bills for the army and "for all the measures in any way favorable to the officers, soldiers, and their families."

This book is history, portraiture, and description. It deals with the Mexican people from the time of Cortez, but only the events of the later years are elaborated. It is a dismal tragedy that is told—a chronicle of self-seeking leaders one after one attaining the supreme power, only to abuse it by tyranny and the robbery of the common people. The one outstanding exception among these leaders—Juarez—could do little or nothing because of the invasion, civil strife, and the treachery of his rivals. The overthrow of Diaz set in motion the progressive energies of the people, and, though for ten years following the issue was obscured by factional wars, the coming of Obregon and Calles marked the beginning of a new era. Faced by a multitude of racking problems, the President of this people merits the friendly consideration of all the world.

"No executive," writes the author, "ever put foot to a longer, wearier road."

Perhaps the stern Calles has attempted too much at once. Next year it will doubtless be Obregon again in the chair, with some let-up in the forward drive. But there should be no nagging by the United States, pleads the author; no putting of property rights above human rights, but an attitude of patience and a feeling of sympathy so that the Mexican people may win their way to a reconstructed society.

So much for the matter of the book; the manner is something else again. The present urge to write history so that it will be more widely read is producing some strange fruits. In this case the lightening up of the text takes the form of a return to the sonorous *clichés* of old time. A flag is not raised; it is "flung to the heavens." The luckless victim of a killing is "shot down in cold blood." Carranza was not merely arrogant and dictatorial; he was "drunk with his dream of power." For Frémont's arrival at Monterey we have this:

"Down from the north came a wild shout, and John Charles Frémont, the 'Pathfinder,' hurled himself upon the scene."

Defeated armies, columns, or bands are usually "crushed;" but, like Truth, when crushed to earth, they usually rise again, and must needs again be "crushed." Once, indeed (when Huerta defeated Orozco), the victor "tore his enemy into bleeding fragments." And another time (this has to do with Santa Anna after the battle of Buena Vista) the commander "scourged his heroic army into retreat." Try as one will, one cannot visualize such a scene as that.

There are some omissions of matters that seem necessary to the story. One of these is the relentless persecutions, at the behest of Diaz, of Mexican political refugees at the hands of United States officials in the years 1906–10. What the author says of the chorus of adulatory tributes to Diaz that was heard throughout the United States during this period is apt and true. But he omits mention of the like chorus sung in praise of Carranza in the closing year of his reign, 1919–20. The former was a conservative chorus, the latter insurgent and radical. It is hard to say which of the two was the more inexcusable, the more disgraceful. In each case it was the laudation by citizens of a democratic republic of an unscrupulous tyrant; for if Carranza was a shade less brutal than Diaz, he was, on the other hand, more bigoted and reactionary.

Some slips occur here and there. If Kit Carson was Frémont's "chief of staff" on the arrival of the Mounted Battalion at Monterey, the fact has escaped the attention of Carson's best

(Continued on page 376)

[1] The People Next Door: An Interpretive History of Mexico and the Mexicans. By George Creel. The John Day Company, New York. $4.

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Over the Apache Trail

By JACK HOLT

AT eight o'clock in the morning the Southern Pacific Special pulled in at the Globe depot, carrying the special Apache Trail Pullman with a great number of Eastern tourists. This car is switched off from the "Sunset Limited" at Bowie, and is a through Pullman, either from New Orleans or from Chicago.

We were glad to have an early breakfast, for just a few minutes after the train pulled in the spacious dining-room of the Dominion Hotel was crowded with hungry tourists. At the same time it gave us an opportunity to select a choice seat in one of the De Luxe sedan coaches which would carry us over the world-famous highway. The coaches are the last word in highway transportation, easy riding, comfortable, with individual seats, and I was informed that the cars this coming season would be of a still higher type, an announcement that seems hardly possible to live up to. * * * * * *

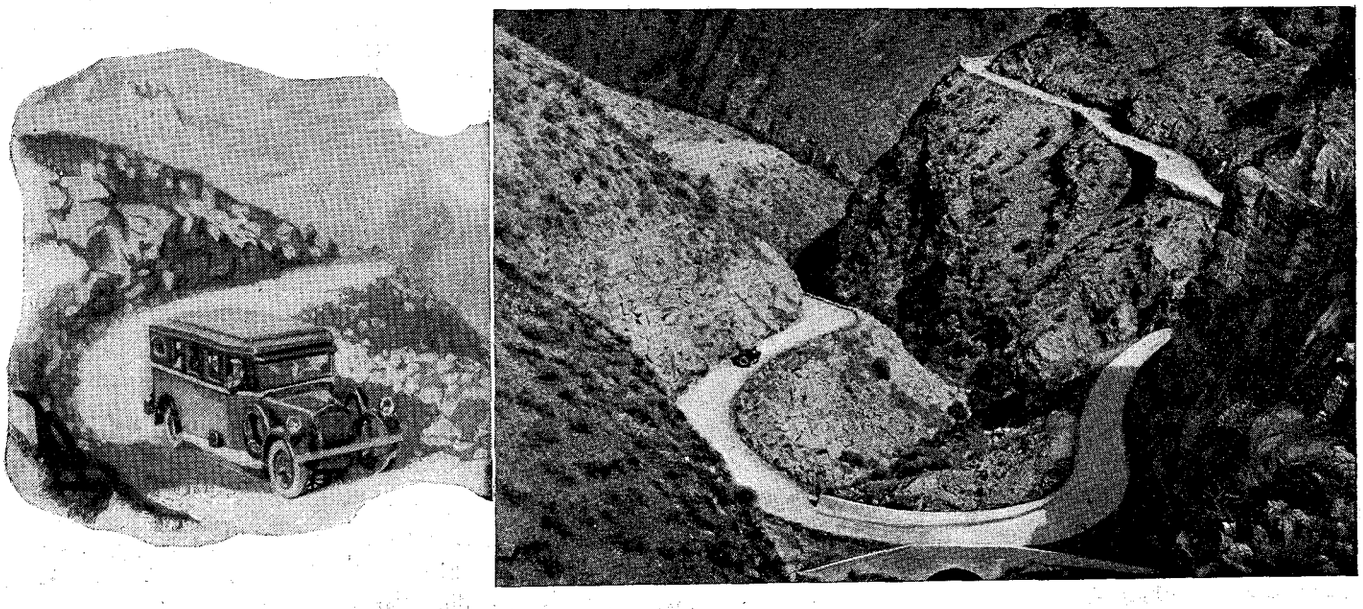
Fifteen miles west of Globe the first vista of Roosevelt Lake is presented from the main highway at Lake View Summit, an elevation of 3,988 feet. It is hardly believable that there in the middle of the wild desert region, flashing like a sapphire, 2,000 feet below and 20 miles away, lies a vast blue lake, and the first impression seems like the appearance of a mirage in the desert. Far-distant peaks and ridges rim the horizon, standing out with surprising distinctness in the clear atmosphere, miles and miles behind the immense expanse of the Tonto basin. The outstanding landmark for all this part of Arizona is Four Peaks, sixty miles to the northwest in the Mazatzal Range, rearing their crest to an altitude of 7,545 feet.

Within the next seven miles the road from the summit makes a winding descent of 1,600 feet. Pinto Creek and Spring Creek are crossed over concrete bridges, a small settlement is passed in the valley, and then the road rises again on the farther side, with widespread views on either hand. Inday Ridge, a castellated mountain, is seen to the south—Inday being an Apache designation for their tribe. To the north, across the lake on the edge of a ridge of the Sierra Ancha, white streaks mark a large asbestos mine. Far to the northeast, across a saddle of an intervening range, looms the steep form of Sombrero Butte.

About one and a half miles from the main highway, over a good natural road, we made a side trip to the Tonto National Monument. The ruins of the Tonto Cliff Dwellings, in two groups, represent the unique architecture of the ancient inhabitants of this region. One glance at these massively built walls and towers is sufficient to convince any one that the people who raised them up could hardly have been savage cave-folk; but to what race they belonged must forever remain a mystery.

For several miles the Apache Trail Highway now closely follows the shores of Roosevelt Lake, high above the waters in which are mirrored the fantastic peaks that ring them around. From the opposite shore rises the strange triangular bulk of Geronimo Mountain. The nearer we come to Roosevelt Dam, midway down the lake, the more the grandeur of

Stupendous scenery in the heart of Nature, viewed without trouble or hardship from a veritable mountain boulevard



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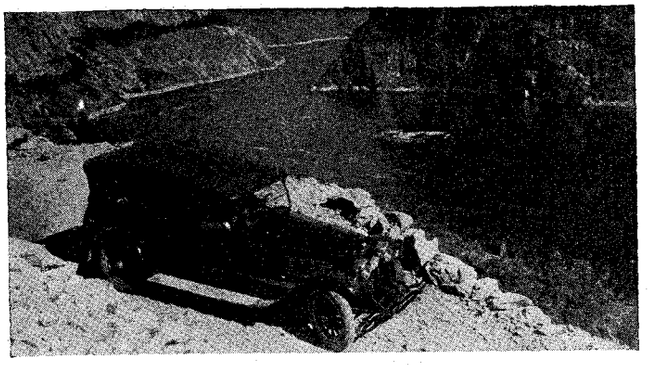
the scenery becomes marked, each turn of the road disclosing a new vista.

The site of the Roosevelt Dam is between the massive cliffs at the entrance to the Salt River Canyon, where Tonto Creek originally joined the larger stream, the impounded waters forming a lake thirty miles in length and four miles wide at the broadest point, its man-made aspect long since lost. * * * * * *



Man-created Canyon Lake at Mormon Flat is one of the new scenic wonders along the Apache Trail

The whole trip so far had been a summing up of scenic wonders, but when, after crossing a divide and descending into Fish Creek Canyon, the road sharply turned into the gorge, where the glowing Walls of Bronze lift 2,000 feet sheer above the stream, we felt that there would hardly be a place on earth that could vie with this wildly beautiful, bewildering scenery.

We stopped at Fish Creek Inn, a picturesque, mission-style little building, where an excellent luncheon was served. Ample time was left to explore beautiful Box Canyon, accessible by a short foot trail through a cleft in the rock walls at a horse-shoe curve of the highway.

Resuming the journey, the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill is made up a long incline to Lookout Point. Here is the scenic climax of the trip, revealing a panorama that fairly catches the breath. The maze of canyons and cross-canyons beneath the gaze is bewildering in its immensity. It is a scene wildly beautiful, as unfamiliar in aspect to most of humankind as might be a landscape upon another planet.

As the route continues onward, Dog's Head Mountain—a remarkable formation renowned in Indian legend—stands out plainly across the canyon, with a good view of Four Peaks to the right. Not far from the main road is Hind's Canyon, a deep chasm which pierces the plateau. We stopped a moment and gazed over the protecting railing down in the dark precipice. This is a most wonderful region, for its natural rock formations and the mineral colors of the cliffsides are remarkable for their variety and intensity.

Resuming the trip, we skirted dark Canyon Diablo, and traversed a crater region, which some scientists declare a meteoric pit. High above the trail is the weather-sculptured form of "Our Lady of Arizona," and over to the right the "One-Eyed Giant" glowers. The rock forms of the Bull Frog and the Gila Monster are passed; the automobile coasts down into the oasis of Tortilla Flat, and then onward once more through the giant saguaro and other desert growth to Mormon Flat, scene of a massacre of emigrants by Indians in the "covered wagon" days of old. At this point, thirty miles from Roosevelt, a new dam has been completed. This dam forms another lake whose waters cover the former Flat.

Climbing again, the road passes close to Whirlpool Rock, like a pyramid of writhing serpents turned to stone. Not far beyond the road runs through historic Apache Gap, another battle-ground, in a broken country of malapai and red cliffs and palisades. Three miles from the Gap, over to the east the traveler gains a good view of the spire of Weaver's Needle, a butte as steep as an iceberg.

Beyond Goldfield, with Granite Reef on the sky-line to the north, the route passes Desert Wells and then crosses the canal that marks the border of the irrigated district.

Coming now to the border of the hill country, there is a view out over the isolated Superstition Mountains ahead. The highway skirts these weird crags as it makes its way across the level desert. Gazing at the shadowy, awesome front of this rock-range, it can well be believed that the Indians shunned it as the abode of evil spirits. Though termed a desert, the region through which the Apache Trail now leads is in reality a garden of marvelous growth, displaying all the odd drought-resisting plants of the Southwest. * * * * * *

Instantly there is a marvelous change from desert scenery, fields of alfalfa and corn and cotton reaching away, interspersed with orange orchards. All this has been created by the miracle of water brought from the far mountains.

Through the prosperous valley towns of Mesa and Tempe, at the base of steep Tempe Butte, the road leads. Looking back one can see Hole-in-the-Rock, in Papago Saguaro National Monument. Camel-Back Mountain rises on the horizon to the right.

At last, eighty miles from the Roosevelt Dam and after a tour of 120 miles from Globe, we reached Phœnix, the attractive capital of Arizona, and the center of the rich valley land, at 5:30 P.M. Most of the tourists had reservations made on the 6:10 Southern Pacific train for Los Angeles, and found a Pullman waiting at the S. P. depot.

We enjoyed an excellent dinner in one of Phœnix's up-to-date hotels, took in a show, and then drove back to location, tired but happy after this most wonderful outing over the most ancient highway on our American continent, the Apache Trail.—*Reprinted from Progressive Arizona.*

The Apache Trail can be visited as an inexpensive side-trip via the Southern Pacific Railroad to or from California from either New York or Chicago. For further information regarding the Apache Trail address the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; 33 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; the Pan-American Building, New Orleans; the Southern Pacific Building, Houston, Texas; the Score Building, Tucson, Arizona; the Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles; or the Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.

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biographer, Sabin; and Carson himself, in his recently discovered autobiography, says nothing about it. September 15 (1846) is a better date than "in August" for Carson's departure eastward from Los Angeles with the news of the conquest. Pio Pico's valiant brother was Andres, and not "Andreas." It was Lieutenant Gillespie, and not merely some vague impulse in Frémont's head, that turned the "Pathfinder" southward from Klamath Lake. Also it was the diplomacy of James Magoffin, rather than the cowardice of Manuel Armijo (however craven that blusterer may have been), that enabled Kearny to enter Santa Fé without bloodshed. That Mexico "had never really possessed either province" (New Mexico and California) is true in only a partial sense; for the American trappers and traders who from 1822 to 1845 tried to operate in those provinces, particularly the former one, found plenty of evidences of the strong hand of Mexican officialdom. There are typographical slips also, and the index is in spots an amusing jumble. Miguel Hidalgo, for instance, is listed as three different persons.

Still, it is a good book; and no one can read it without profit and entertainment.

Fiction

SUMMER BACHELORS. By Warner Fabian. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Youth continues to flame in "Summer Bachelors." It flames in driveling fruitless discussions, such as whether "a woman has a right to be a woman without paying the price of marriage;" it flames during all-night yachting parties *à deux*, and sparks fly feebly upwards from a week-end in th Adirondacks and a breakfast on an islanc in Central Park lake.

Around the adventurous and lovely Desideria Thomas and her friend Willowdean French gather numerous lonely husbands left in a heat-ridden city. These bachelors by courtesy flutter around the two girls in much the same manner that moths have always shown toward the flame. Most of the fluttering takes place in the Recherché Night Club (the address of which is not given), where "champagne is still served in a napkin-crowned pail." Love complications ensue and fill the summer. At its end "Derry" Thomas finds herself tricked into honest marriage with her lover, and several truant husbands return to their folds sadder and no wiser, exactly as the reader of this book is apt to be at the close.

THE FOOTSTEPS THAT STOPPED. By A. Fielding. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

Here is a detective story in the grand manner, with a Great Detective sprinkling yellow powder about and looking for finger-prints, twelve or thirteen characters who can't explain any of their actions, a beautiful girl who just won't believe her Philip is guilty, and a villain willing to go to any amount of trouble and expense to murder people. For two hundred pages the intricacies of the plot are very ingenious indeed; and, since two hundred pages are about as long as we should expect any one to be rational, the climax is as unexpected and as silly as these things generally are. Mr. Knopf has devised a bright pink-and-

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orange wrapper that would look very well against the green of a Pullman seat—probably the best place to read this book.

SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

All of the characters in "Saviours of Society" are strictly imaginary, we are told in a carefully worded introduction. Mr. McKenna is particularly anxious not to tread on any one's toes in the matter of Ambrose Sheridan, the great newspaper owner, but as Ambrose resembles a composite picture of Norman Trevor, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, William R. Hearst, and Oom the Omnipotent, combining and retaining the best features of each, it would seem that he concerns himself unduly.

Ambrose Sheridan is such a powerful figure in politics and journalism that his enemies in the Government have put him on a commission to investigate conditions in India and to solve the unemployment problem at the same time. Ah, but the great man has his tender side too, and Evelyn, his secretary, and Auriol, a beautiful young society girl, are both madly in love with him. The story unwinds, accompanied by much furious telephoning on the part of Cabinet Ministers; King's messengers rushing in all directions; eager young men announcing that "the East End is wavering, but the North Counties, thank God, are firm as a rock;" while the beautiful Auriol's heart is leaping for joy that Ambrose has taken the proper stand on the inheritance tax.

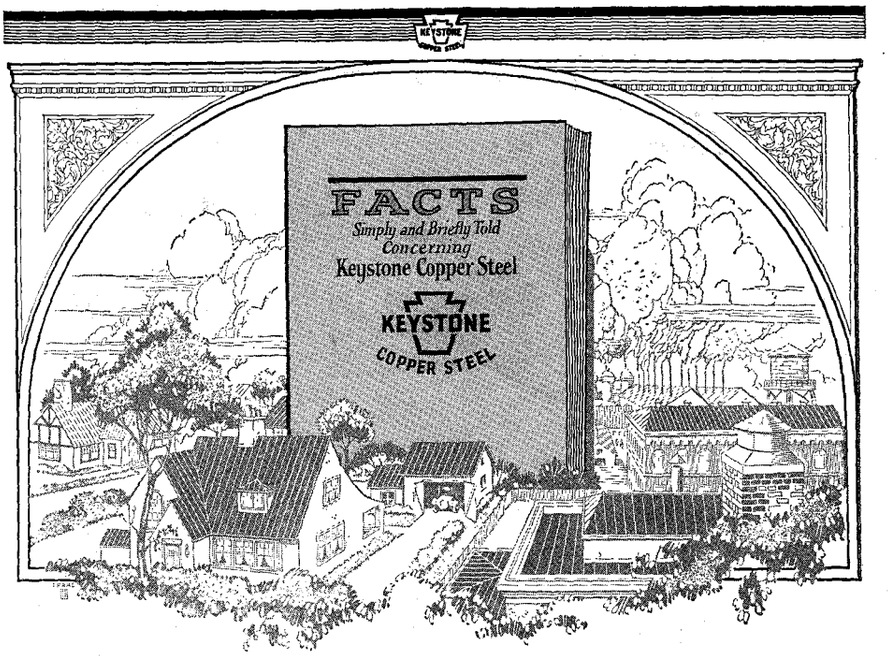
It is one of the penalties of present-day politics that its leaders are deprived in the popular mind from a right to those tender emotions which are held so highly in other fields of endeavor. We can readily believe in the importance of Ambrose Sheridan, his dominant personality, the affection of his subordinates, but when the fascinating Auriol falls in love with him we begin to lose interest. Such a state of affairs is possible, of course—it is quite possible that there are débutantes in Washington tonight tossing upon hot pillows with a secret passion for Senator William E. Borah—but it just doesn't seem likely.

History

ENGLAND. By William Ralph Inge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

This is by the Dean of St. Paul's—the adjective which is always used to describe him need not be repeated. If you do not know it, you will after you read this book. He surveys his Empire, and gives a low moan. Everything is going to the dogs. When he ceases from scolding his countrymen, it is only to take breath to raise his voice against some other land—America, for instance, which he sees as Shylock, ruthlessly collecting debts and greedily yearning for Canada.

Dean Inge belongs to a small class of Englishmen; men of one of the great schools and one of the high Tory colleges. Their peculiar class privileges and their high position have been impaired in recent years. They are men of culture and courage, but also, unfortunately, men thickly incrusted with prejudice, and nearly immune to ideas from without. Intellectually they have been inbred for centuries. Whatever annoys them as members of a class seems to them an indication of world-wide tragedy. Only they believe that the British Empire is in such a parlous state. Only they are capable of making such reckless and unsubstantiated statements as Dean Inge utters more than once in this book. Why is he so sure that Americans long to annex Canada? Is it not because he likes to picture Uncle Sam as a rapa-



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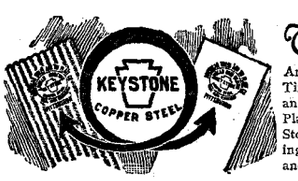

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cious beast, instead of a friendly neighbor? Could no one have told him that, even if we were as greedy as he thinks, we are also too wise to wish to add Canada's problems to our own? Where did the Dean learn that the American Government contemplated entering the war on the side of Germany against England? From Mr. Bottomley or from Mr. Hearst?

It will be strange if this distorted picture is not seriously questioned. As the volume on England in "The Modern World Series," it will certainly be distasteful to many Englishmen.

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA: THE EPIC OF INDUSTRY, by Malcolm Keir; **THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE**, by Stanley Thomas Williams; **THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN ARCHITECTURE**, by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

Three more volumes of these remarkable and interesting picture-books. The one devoted to architecture is notable. Why do not the publishers give captions with the pictures? There are two or three pictures on every page, and the lack of descriptive captions is sometimes confusing.

Poetry

COLLECTED PARODIES. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.75.

Mr. Untermeyer has parodied nearly all the poets, living and dead, and done it remarkably well. Here are his parodies in verse and in prose.

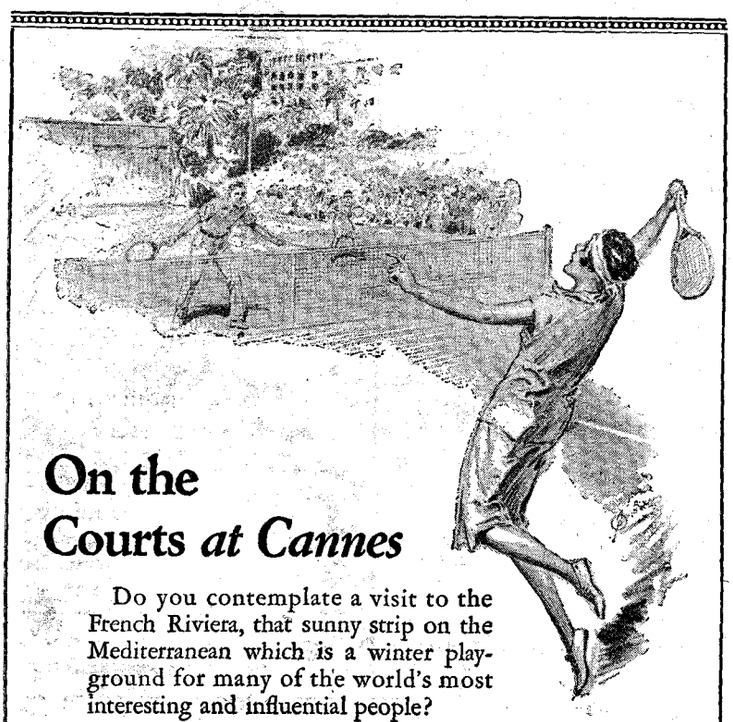
Biography

CAUSES AND THEIR CHAMPIONS. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

Here are eight biographical sketches of leaders in American reform movements. Three are of women—Clara Barton, Susan B. Anthony, and Frances E. Willard; five of men—Phillips Brooks, Samuel Gompers, Booker T. Washington, and Woodrow Wilson, with the two Rockefellers, because of the identity of their public work virtually counted as one. The social application of private wealth, the cause in which the Rockefellers have distinguished themselves, may seem at first view widely remote from the class of reforms here considered, but it is an innovation that has appreciably affected American life and carries vast potentialities for good. The sketches are quite as much history as biography, for in each the progress of the movement is woven into the life story of the champion. Five of these leaders lived long enough to see their causes wax mighty, and one among them—Miss Anthony—who at one time had been pelted with rotten eggs, lived to experience a bombardment of roses. What measure of success has attended Phillips Brooks's advocacy of toleration is a matter of dispute; and, despite the League of Nations and the Locarno treaties, there is still a divided opinion in the case of Woodrow Wilson's advocacy of world peace. The sketches are the result of careful study and are gracefully written.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN ASS." An Autobiography. Anonymous. Brentano's, New York. $3.50.

The price and size of the book suggest biography. The contents suggest that it would not necessarily be incorrect to list it as fiction. It purports to be the autobiography of "Roy Bradley," of Massachusetts ancestry. He tells of his life in Kansas and elsewhere. It is hard to say whether the book was written by Abie or by his Irish Rose, but its object seems to be to publish three hundred pages of bitterness about the Puritans, New England, and Harvard. A novel idea that—to show up the Puritans! It is very, very bitter, and should be welcome to all who believe that clear thinking and the sour stomach are inseparable. Perhaps these books are the result of the Polyannas. If it comes to a



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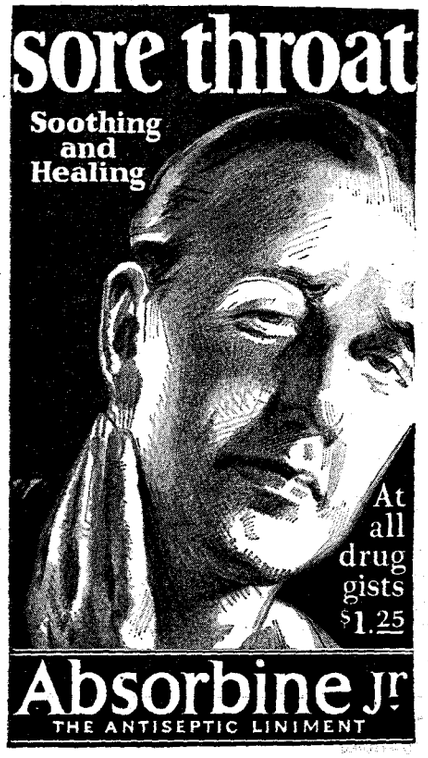

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Philosophy

THE ESCAPE FROM THE PRIMITIVE. By Horace Carncross, M.D., Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Small comfort is offered to the lazy, the egotistic, and the tender-minded by Dr. Carncross. Here is the way to escape from the primitive, to put childish things behind you, but you won't find it easy, he says in effect. He does not permit you to surrender responsibility by sinking back on either the mechanistic principle or the teleological, or directly purposeful, idea of the order of the universe. Fatalism is no better than day-dreaming. "Upon whether or not a man is absorbing into and retaining in his own ego the force that nature meant to flow through him for constructive purpose, depends his ability to grow up." The book has a larger ethical content than would be expected in one applying psychoanalysis to sociology, and its clear style and well-ordered presentation also contrast pleasantly with much recent "humanized" science and philosophy.

Travel and Description

HAWAII TO-DAY. By Lieutenant R. C. Wriston, A. S., U. S. A. With Illustrations and a Map. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. $5.

It is hard not to believe that Lieutenant Wriston is intentionally guilty of a demure *double entendre* when he speaks in the preface of his ability "to present a new point of view, offering my readers a picture of Hawaii in its broader aspects." The point of view—ten thousand feet in the air—is certainly novel, and the aspects of Hawaii as shown by the views caught by his aerial camera are broader than we care to measure. Lieutenant Wriston made the first flight to Kilauea Volcano, the first flight by airplane to the islands of Kahoolawe, Lanai, Niihau, and Kaula Rock, and still holds the record as the only man to have visited all the islands of the group by airplane. He has evidently taken much pains with his text—as much, it sometimes seems, as a schoolboy laboring over a composition. The information is undeniably useful, but the extraordinary illustrations remain the notable feature of his book.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN MANY LANDS. By Cecil Gosling. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

Mr. Gosling identifies himself as "a minor official" of the English Foreign Office, which gave him the opportunity of making journeys to the many lands he describes in reciting his adventures. There is a vivid account of the Kaffir King Lobengula's last stand. Mr. Gosling's experiences were often exciting, but he came through them all with true British calm.

Business

ARBITRATION AND BUSINESS ETHICS. By Clarence F. Birdseye. Foreword by Charles L. Bernheimer. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This is a study of the progress of commercial arbitration and its relation to the ethics of business. Negotiations between employers and wage-earners are, in the main, excluded from treatment, on the ground that they are properly to be considered as instances of collective bargaining. The three forms of arbitration considered are: first, that which is made possible through the machinery provided by an organized trade association; second, that which is conducted under the common law; and, third, that which is conducted under statutes. The first form is held to be passing because of the development of

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stricter ethical codes, rendering it unnecessary, and the second is said to be wholly discredited by reason of the abuses which it has fostered. Statutory arbitration, in so far as it is an endeavor to improve common law procedure, is to be commended from the standpoint that any change must necessarily be for the better. But the statutes affecting arbitration have not been of a uniform excellence, those of Oregon and Illinois being regarded as having fulfilled the needs and desires of business in only a partial and unsatisfactory manner. That the self-interest of lawyers, eager to promote litigation, has been a considerable factor in the matter, is plainly intimated. An excellent work, informative, thoughtful, and painstakingly done.

Religion

RELIGION IN THE MAKING. By Alfred North Whitehead. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Many serious readers have been suspecting that Professor Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World" of a year or so ago marked the beginning of the retreat of much of scientific thought from the prestige it has enjoyed now for some generations and a successful rationalistic attack that will soon put religion back in its old power over the intellect. These and other readers will turn eagerly to the same author's King's Chapel Lectures of last winter, here published as "Religion in the Making," and will find in them the same nervous, sure analysis that marked the earlier volume. The four chapters, "Religion in History," "Religion and Dogma," "Body and Spirit," "Truth and Criticism," give a course of dialectic leading through to the presentation of God as the binding power of the universe; the background on which alone all moral and æsthetic values are possible, through which alone they arrive at attainment. The metaphysics is not always easy. The book is concise. But he who follows to the end receives a confirmation of his feeling from Professor Whitehead's earlier volume that religion has ended its defense against materialistic philosophy by a sharp attack all along the line.

Whaling

WHALING NORTH AND SOUTH. By F. V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $3.

With their blowing and their breaching, whales struck such terror into the sailors of Alexander's fleet in the Persian Gulf that the men dropped oars and had to be rallied by Admiral Nearchos. He bade them sound trumpets and charge, while all hands gave the battle shout. The whales, up flukes, sounded and rose again in their rear. Barring Jonah and his rather intimate visit to a friendly whale, this seems to have been the earliest report of meeting at close quarters the largest mammal the world has ever known.

In the forties Herman Melville argued that the modern run bigger than the early whales which are found fossilized in various parts of the earth. Owing to steam and explosives, the accurate accounts in dramatic "Moby Dick" are now outdated; it is the pleasant task of a veteran whaleman, J. S. Hodgson, and a skilled photographer, F. V. Morley, to tell us how in this day whales are hunted, slain, flayed, and their very flesh and bones forced to yield the precious oil where our grandfathers never suspected it. Not so moving a tale—for it lacks the struggle of oars and harpoons and lances against the baited monsters close at hand—but the photographs add not a little value. The sperm whale or cachalot, which carries a tank of spermaceti in its head, appears a mystery still.

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For the relief of bronchial cough or nasal colds, Vaporized Cresolene has been recommended for nearly [illegible] years. Drugs are avoided. The patient reads and breathes the air permeated with the antiseptic vapor. Cresolene is widely used for bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma and catarrh.

Send for [illegible] and descriptive booklet 31C.

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What use or function this liquid mass subserves no experts tell. The little volume contains much information and at times rises to a lively lilt.

Mr. Morley spins a yarn of a millionaire who suggested that whales be trapped and, so to speak, domesticated, with profits for the showman. Has he forgotten that a beluga or white whale was actually brought alive to New York and shown in the Aquarium at the Battery? Barnum's spirit marches on.

Children's Books

SPUNK. By Arthur C. Bartlett. The W. A. Wilde Company, Boston. $1.75.

Any boy would like to have and keep this story of a master-dog, leader of the sled-team, quick-witted and heroic.

ALOFT IN THE SHENANDOAH. By Lewis E. Theiss. The W. A. Wilde Company, Boston. $1.75.

Mr. Theiss here combines story with actual observation. He spent three weeks at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station, working with the Shenandoah's crew and examining the plant and the ship in detail; two weeks after he left the Shenandoah was wrecked. Mr. Theiss had a despatch from Commander Klein of the station saying: "Tell the world that we are not done. If Congress will only back us, we'll prove to the world the value of lighter-than-air navigation." The story gets a little ahead of Congress. The imaginary part of the tale is well done, but boy readers must be careful to keep actuality and fiction separated in mind.

THIS SINGING WORLD. For Younger Children. Modern Poems Selected by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Nothing could be more fun than for a father and mother to read from this fine anthology to their children before the children went to bed. And if the children went to sleep, as children will, even to the sound of the best poetry, the parents could keep right on, and have just as good a time. (The book was first published three years ago.)

Notes on New Books

VOLTAIRE'S THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV. Translated by Martyn P. Pollack. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80c.

MEMOIRS OF SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80c.

PEAKS, PASSES AND GLACIERS. Selected and Annotated by E. H. Blakeney. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80c.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER. Selected and Arranged by William Hadley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80c.

MADAM HOW AND LADY WHY. By Charles Kingsley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80c.

This and the four preceding titles are new volumes in the admirable "Everyman's Library."

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MASTER. By Professor Herbert R. Purinton and Sadie Brackett Costello. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

To answer the question, "What did Jesus do that made him the central figure of human history?"

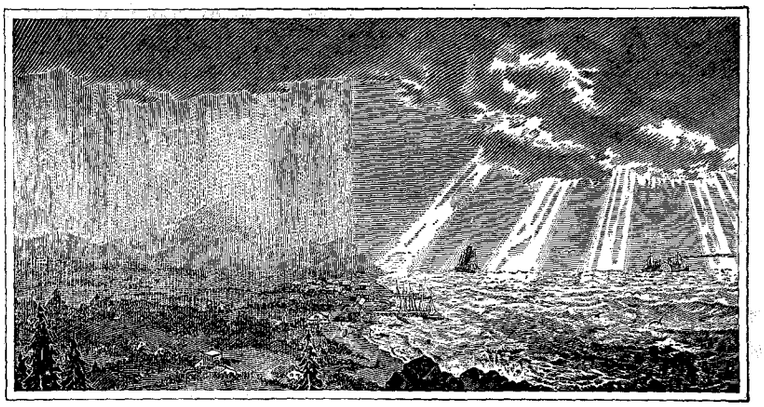
THE STATE AND THE KINGDOM. By William Monroe Balch. The Abingdon Press, New York. 50c.

On the nature of the state; on nationalism and internationalism.

THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND THE EVOLUTION OF STANDARDS IN BUSINESS. By George M. Calhoun. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.

THE HUNTER. By Ernest Glanville. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Glanville has constructed an idyll of the Bushmen, lowest of African tribes, in this vivid volume. It abounds in adven-



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When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

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ture and tragedy. Some knowledge of life in South Africa will help the reader to appreciate its excellences.

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VISIONS AND JEWELS. By Moysheh Oyved. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

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DESCRIPTIVE AND NARRATIVE PROJECTS. By D. Davis Farrington. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

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THE SONG OF MEDITATION. By Robert MacGowan. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Devotional essays and poems, together with prayers.

Contributors' Gallery

EMILE VANDERVELDE, celebrated Belgian statesman, orator, and Socialist, was born at Ixelles, near Brussels, in 1866. He studied law at the University of Brussels and got his doctor's degree in social science in 1885. A year later he became associated with the Labor Party, and was soon its acknowledged leader. He first entered Parliament in 1894. The Encyclopædia Britannica in its account of Mr. Vandervelde states:

> On the outbreak of the war, Vandervelde devoted himself to the problems of national defense, the liberation of his invaded country, and in August, 1914, was summoned to join the Government as Minister of State, later becoming a member of the Cabinet. At the time of the peace negotiations and the signing of the Versailles Treaty he used his influence to obtain the insertion of labor clauses, relating especially to the eight-hour day. As Minister of Justice in the "Liberal-Catholic-Socialist" Cabinet formed after the war, Vandervelde effected great humanitarian and scientific reforms in the prison system. After the important successes achieved by the Labor Party at the general elections of 1925 he entered the "Socialist-Catholic-Coalition" Cabinet as Minister for Foreign Affairs and played an important part in negotiating the Locarno Pact in 1925, which he signed on behalf of Belgium.

JOHN C. BALDWIN is a Baltimore pediatrist, a lecturer in Pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School, and the physician in charge at the Florence Crittenden Nursery. His football experience, of which he speaks in his article in this week's Outlook, was gained at his preparatory school and during his four years at Hamilton College.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK is a member of the staff of Charles Scribner's Sons. He is the author of several volumes of poetry.

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Two suites of two rooms each, with connecting baths and open fireplaces, in a delightful colonial home are available for elderly people, semi-invalids or other persons of discriminating tastes who wish a year-round home without the responsibility. Rooms may be taken in suites or separately with a private bath for each room. Table and service that of a refined home. Prices from $50 a week for each person. Miss MARY L. CARTER.

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HOTEL POTOMAC Washington, D. C.
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SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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Pine Ridge Camp Actually Mid the Pines. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping-porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Electric lights. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

The Bellamy Inn BEAUFORT, S. C.
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ASHEVILLE, N. C.
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For Rent, Hamilton, Bermuda Delightful house, ideally located. Write H. W. KING, Box 98, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

For rent, delightful houses for season in beautiful Bermuda. All types, every convenience. List and details. Mrs. Grosvenor Tucker, Hamilton, Bermuda. Cable: Teucro, Bermuda.

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REED G. HAVILAND, South Norwalk, Conn.

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For Rent nine-room furnished house, all conveniences, beautifully located on water-front at quaint McClellanville, near Charleston. Garage, good roads, fine school. Ideal winter home. Address H. S. MCGILLIVRAY, The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.

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Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

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Tours and Travel

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through a port-hole. Send for our illustrated booklet, "Round the Globe," and read about our eastbound tour, sailing from New York, Jan. 5, 1927.

Small party, experienced leader, ample time for land travel. A crowning feature of the trip—1,200 miles by automobile in the mountains of Java. Two weeks in Japan—but read all about it in the booklet—yours for the asking.

TEMPLE TOURS, INC.
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SICILY, NORTH AFRICA, SPAIN
With Dr. George H. Allen
Limited party sails January 5, 1927
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PALESTINE, SYRIA, GREECE, ITALY
Sailing on Lapland, January 15, 1927
Each tour includes the Nile cruise on the private steamer **Lotus.**
Write for descriptive booklet.
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Young and old alike respond to the general spirit which pervades this famous resort of Florida's Central East Coast. The air is bracing, the scenery is unsurpassed, and the warm sun turns winter into a northern spring.

Whatever may be your favorite sport, you will find it here: Golf—Tennis—Fishing—Riding—and a score of others. Winter concerts by world's greatest artists. Plenty of room. Hotel rates guaranteed by Chamber of Commerce. Send for list.

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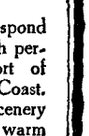

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Visit Old Mexico across the Rio Grande. Cabarets. Spanish music. Old Missions, etc.

See Elephant Butte Dam. Fertile agricultural lands. Tourist attractions in plenty. Scenic, historic, romantic.

Come where cold winters are unknown. All year round climate. Play shirt-sleeve golf at Christmas. Mountains, hunting, fishing, tennis, hiking. Sport you've always craved. Come for a vacation, come for health.

El Paso Gateway Club
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Railroads allow free stop-overs. Four National Auto Highways connect here. Write Gateway Club for profusely illustrated booklet. Use coupon.

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Organizing co-operative tours. 37 days, $295. 60 days, $490. Student Tours, Wellesley, Mass.

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Earn your trip by organizing a small party. Low rates. Liberal terms.
Stratford Tours, 452 Fifth Ave., New York

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Complete European service. For booklets, details, write Outlook Hotel & Travel Bureau.

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Value—Distinction—Beauty together with the fact that you help a thousand women in employment. Write for catalog and price lists. AMERICAN FRIENDS OF GREECE, INC., Investment Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

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SPECIAL assortment of 12 beautiful steel engraved Christmas cards with fancy lined envelopes to match. Each design different. All for $1. These are 15 and 25 cent cards. If not entirely satisfied money will be promptly refunded. Scholl Studios, 34 South 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single 6x7 or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, $1.00. Get Christmas orders in early. Work guaranteed. Hicks, Stationer, Macedon, N. Y.

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INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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AUTO radiator shutter, new patent. Retails $1.50. $20 daily easy. Write for sample. Jones, 802 N. Clark, Chicago.

COMPANION-entertainer in a small private institution thirty miles from New York City. Must be well educated, musical young woman. Box 17, Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite B-5842, Washington, D. C.

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HELP WANTED

WANTED—Young experienced managing housekeeper for home in suburbs of Philadelphia. Salary one hundred fifty dollars per month. 7,374, Outlook.

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CHAPERON, gentlewoman, experienced here and abroad, interested in best music, literature, art. Highest credentials. 7,377, Outlook.

CULTIVATED, experienced, traveled woman will accept position, any capacity, for trip to San Francisco or Honolulu. 7,363, Outlook.

ENGLISH girl desires post as companion. Able to drive car, ride, all sports. Certificate in domestic economy. 7,369, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED in auto and railroad traveling. Educated woman would like position with lady. 7,365, Outlook.

HOSTESS, companion, supervising housekeeper. Cheerful, capable. Ample references. 7,364, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper. Experienced, educated, refined. 7,370, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged registered nurse desires position to invalid or aged person traveling. Box 734, Manchester, N. H.

POSITION wanted by capable, experienced American Protestant as companion to lady or housekeeper in small household. City preferred. References exchanged. Address W., Box 743, Englewood, N. J.

SEAMSTRESS for linen room in hotel or apartment hotel. 7,367, Outlook.

TUTOR, companion, governess. French teacher, experienced, fluent English, references, seeks position in exchange for home with moderate salary. Mlle. Porras, 236 E. 15th St., New York City.

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TUTOR, woman specializing work with children five to twelve years of age. In touch with best private schools. Very successful with boys. Highly recommended. 7,376, Outlook.

WELL-bred, tactful woman of sterling worth (amiable disposition) desires responsible position. Willing to take the reins, giving general assistance. Supervision of household and servants, care of children, sewing, shopping, accounts, packing. Go anywhere. 7,361, Outlook.

WILL PREACH for church without pledged salary. Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, *1638, Edmondson Ave., Baltimore.

YOUNG French woman, formerly Red Cross nurse, desires position as governess or companion. Willing to travel. Experienced teacher; fluent English. Unquestioned references of ability and character. 7,372, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

MARRIED college graduate, registered nurse, with special study in child training, living in Montclair, N. J., desires little girl in her home temporarily. $125 month. Personal interview desired. Write 7,360, Outlook.

NEW York shopping without charge by an experienced shopper. Reference required. Hattie Guthman, 530 West End Ave., N. Y. C.

By the Way

ONE of the most prevalent forms of charity seems to be the self-sacrifice exhibited by A, B, C, and D in giving so much of their time at frequent meetings to plan what E, F, G, and H ought to contribute.

On the day before the closed season ended a big bull moose strolled across the bridge from Milford to Oldtown, Maine, and placidly took in the sights. The time chosen was 8:30 A.M., and the moose moved leisurely through the business section, quite unawed by autos, trolleys, and human beings. After a thorough survey he vanished in the woods. No one interfered with his visit, but the fact that it was timed so nicely excited due comment among the Yankees.

From "Der Gotz" (Vienna):

A man appeared at a police station and said:

"Oh, in regard to the watch which I reported was stolen yesterday, I have since found that it is not lost at all."

"You are too late," replied the superintendent. "The thief has been arrested."

As "Life" thinks two advertising men would describe the Grand Canyon:

"Astonishing!"

"Stupendous!"

"Amazing!"

"Marvel of the age!"

"A positive sensation!"

"Leading educators and business men indorse it!"

"An Arizona product!"

"A banner canyon of a banner State!"

"A super-canyon!"

"The country has gone Grand Canyon!"

"I like it, too. Say, let's get back to the hotel and shoot a game of pool."

An advertisement exhibited in Boston street cars in the "Naughty Nineties" has, at any rate, been recalled by one passenger of those days as a memorable piece of advertising:

When a pant-hunter pantless, panteth
for pants
He pants for the best pants the Pant
Market grants.
He pants all unpanted, until he implants
Himself in a pair of the Pant-Market
Pants.

Have you noticed the recent flood of war stories in the fiction magazines? The demand seems to be unprecedented and ever growing. The "Saturday Evening Post" has been specializing in tales of the war for the past six months. "Liberty" is running a serial called "War-Birds," which claims to be the uncensored diary of a soldier. A new magazine has just been started with the title "War Stories." The success of "The Big Parade" seems to have started the craze for war stories both in the films and in the periodicals.

"Guy, dear, don't go so far out in the water. You might get drowned."

"But look, daddy's a long ways out."

"I know, dear, but your father's insured."

We usually associate all speed records with America; but as far as railways are concerned England takes the lead. The Great Western Railway's train from Paddington Station, London, to Birkenhead now develops the amazing speed of 92 miles per hour.

The manager of the Imperial Tobacco Company of St. John's, Newfoundland, sends us the following letter which he received from a Belgian police agent:

Brussels, Belgium.

Dear Sir: I take the opportunity of respetuously acking your help in the case which I am exposing to you hereafter.

During the occupation of my country by the German I have been arrested with all my family and sent to prison.

During my detention, my home and furnisher have been robbed, but what worried me the most was to see, at the armistice, that the whole of my stamps-collection had disappeard.

I appeal to your good haert to help me in rebuilding up my collection by sending to me a few stamps of your colony. Whatever they may be, they will be well come.

If, on my side, I could be of any use to you, I will be very pleased.

I hope, Dear Sir, that my appeal will be heard by you and I am

Yours faithfully,

E. STOFFELS,
Agent spécial of Police.
British war medal.
40, Place de Brouckère,
Brussels.

From "Punch:"

"Do let me see your engagement ring."

"Sorry. I've just returned it to Billie; but if you're really keen I can easily make it up again."

A moving-picture trade paper thus describes the high and moral tone of present-day Hollywood:

De Mille has also issued strict orders that no profane language be used during the making of the scenes or in the presence of Warner. When the musicians are loafing around and not providing music for any particular scene they are instructed to play only "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This tune is played every morning as De Mille makes his appearance on the set, with all the players standing with bowed heads and in reverence until the director takes his position along the tripod.

Overheard at a soda fountain:

First Girl: "Went to church last night and heard a sermon on 'Saving Your Soul.'"

Second Girl: "You did, did you?"

"Yes, and, oh, boy, that sermon was a wow!"

The talk then shifted to the price of lipsticks.

We are informed that Woodrow Wilson's favorite limerick, which was quoted in this department as being written by Rudyard Kipling, was in truth written by Anthony Euwer, of Portland, Oregon.

Young Bride: "I want a piece of meat without any gristle, bone, or fat."

Butcher: "Lady, you don't want any meat—you want an egg!"

Six words of five letters each are needed to complete the following sentences. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week:

I would not a —— mate enjoy,
Even though a king at —— were he,
As a hunter of —— I might him employ,
If he would —— accept, as coins for his
fee;
I would him —— for a conquering master,
If he could my heart —— and cause no
disaster.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Battering-ram."

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